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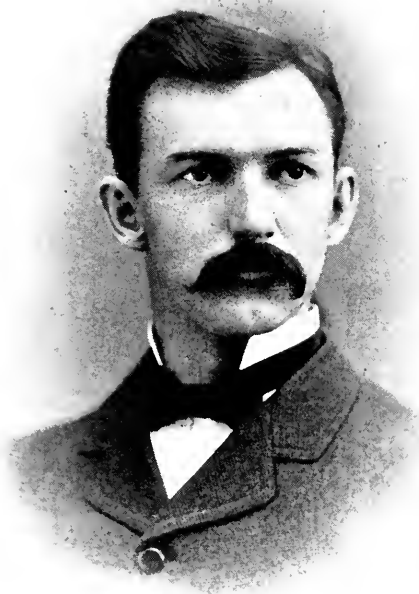
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JUNIUS F. WELLS

First organizer of the Y. M. M. I. A., and son of Hon. Daniel H. Wells
and Hannah Free, born Salt Lake City, Utah, June 1, 1854.
Designer of the Joseph Smith Memorial
Monument at Vermont.

IMPROVEMENT ERA.

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FEBRUARY, 1906.

No. 4

ATONEMENT.

BY PRESIDENT JOHN G. MCQUARRIE OF THE EASTERN STATES MISSION.

The most important question in connection with the atonement is this: Is it a fact? Revelation, which is our only source of information on this particular point, answers the question in the affirmative. Here the defenders of the faith usually rest the case; drawing the conclusion that in some mysterious way Christ bears the burden of our sins.

Religion is supposed to be a perfect philosophy of life, a philosophy built on two theories—the fall of man and the atonement of Jesus Christ; but if we reply that in some mysterious way man fell, and in some mysterious way Christ brought about a redemption, then it follows logically that in some mysterious way man is saved by the operation.

It is hard to build a logical philosophy on two mysteries; hence, to many, the atonement is an unreal conception, and they continually ask: Why was it necessary, and how does it apply to our lives?

If we could understand God's purpose in the atonement, what he did to bring it about, and some of the reasons for such actions,

then what we should do to avail ourselves of that law would become clear.

Without attempting to delve into that which is mysterious in the atonement, we hope to prove the absolute necessity for Christ's transcendent sacrifice, and that if we accomplish what Christ made possible for us, we shall attain to a divine life.

In order to determine whether the ministry of Jesus Christ is an absolute necessity, we must first admit that it is necessary to attain to some condition. Let us take the premises that it is necessary to reach a state of happiness, and that we should avoid the opposite condition, a state of misery.

It is probable that every sane person is trying to reach the former and to avoid the latter. It is true that some regard these conditions only as they affect the present life, while others extend them into eternity. It is evident, however, that we are either soaring toward the one, or sinking into the other.

How are we going to reach the coveted condition? Some have argued that if God is all powerful he could make our happiness complete by relieving the stress of life, by keeping us from contact with law, or by preventing the pain and penalty that follow the breaking of law, but a little reflection will show us how impossible, how unjust, such an action would be. To remove the danger from the operation of the elements, would be to destroy their power and to rob them of their utility.

If there were no penalties following the breaking of law, there would be no incentive to study its operation. In fact, there could be no law. If the forces of nature operated just as they do, but mankind were kept from contact with them by the power of a superior mind, free agency would be denied, and liberty destroyed. Moreover, no experience would be gained, and hence no knowledge acquired; and, as knowledge is power, we should be deprived of knowledge, power and freedom, the prime elements of greatness, the essential principles of happiness, the glory of God and man. Besides, if it were impossible for us to break a law, it would be equally impossible to possess a virtue. We might remain innocent, but could never become virtuous. We cannot refer to infants as being virtuous; we can only call them innocent.

To be released from law is to be outcast, not free.

It will thus be seen that the gulf between ignorance and knowledge, weakness and power, vice and virtue, freedom and serfdom, could never be bridged by keeping us from contact with law, or by preventing its free operation.

Experience has amply proved that ignorance, weakness, vice and serfdom are limitations that confine us to the shadows and shoals of misery. It is evident that we could never gain heaven by the method referred to above.

Shakespeare answers the question by saying, "Ignorance is the curse of God; knowledge, the wings wherewith we fly to heaven." This is evidently true, whether the condition is restricted to this world or extended into the next, for from the following revelation we must draw the same conclusion, "And this is life eternal, that they might know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent." (John 17: 3.) To know God we must understand his character. Revelation, then, is in harmony with the conclusions of the wisest men,—that the goal of existence is to know, and not simply to live.

But how are we going to secure these wings of knowledge? The youth may answer, "In the schools and the colleges, we may gain an education which will enable us to reach our ideal of true happiness." But some of those who have been most successful in gaining technical knowledge, men who are now resting upon the highest perch to which their collegiate wings will carry them, hesitate to answer the question. Colleges only serve to prepare us for the great school of experience where we must meet and grapple with the problems of life.

"A real education," says Herbert Spencer, "should teach us how to live in the widest sense." The best educated person is the one who lives the most complete life. The main thing is not to learn a few tricks, like a poodle, but to make the most of all our powers; to grow, to develop, to ripen.

Then, the end of education is character, and character embraces knowledge, and, without doubt, the happiness of the world depends on the character of the people.

Now let us ask the question, What is a true character? If we should take out of the world the memory of Jesus Christ, and the writings of those who attribute their wisdom to him, would

not the question be a mystery? It must be evident that no person can develop a perfect character without a true ideal to follow.

In order to attain any point of excellency we need a standard by which we can measure our efforts. Also, in doing business we need a standard of values and a standard of measure. If experience has taught us that we need a standard of language, in order to speak and write correctly, surely wisdom would suggest that we need a standard of character, in order to live properly. The ability to measure character, and determine the relative merits of action, would be a rare and priceless accomplishment. Many men have been honored, trusted, followed, and even worshiped, by their contemporaries; but when time proved the fruits of their labors, and separated honesty from pretense, and sympathy from selfishness; when the tinsel of pomp and display faded like a flower,—succeeding generations have realized that these human idols were really cruel, selfish, ambitious tyrants, and the people who followed them were tools, dupes and victims. The injustice done, on the other hand, is expressed in the following couplet:

Seven wealthy towns contend for Homer dead,
Through which the living Homer begged his bread.

The real mystery and goodness of life can be understood only when we are able to lay the measuring line on men, while they still live, distinguishing between the fleeting glory of a proud Herod, and the eternal might of a meek and lowly Christ.

This article is not intended to explain the existence of God, but simply to justify the mission of Christ. Hence, I may be pardoned for assuming, without argument, that there is a God, a being in whose existence life finds its perfect expression. We can imagine him possessing a fulness of knowledge, power, justice, mercy and love; and because of these virtues, his happiness is complete. He moves in the true orbit of life, never running counter to law, but utilizing, controlling and directing all the forces of nature to the accomplishment of good. Then, this question of a true character, which is a mystery to man, is understood by God, in fact is hidden in him, and can only be revealed by him.

If God has a special interest in us, and desires to bring us into his presence and make our joy complete, would it not be nec-

essary for him to increase our power, knowledge, justice and love? in fact, bridge over the mental, physical and spiritual gulfs that now divide us? And if, as reason and experience both suggest, it is necessary to have a perfect character, in order to enjoy perfect happiness, would it not be necessary and reasonable that the Lord should reveal this character to us?

Now let us determine from revelation what his purpose is in relation to this matter: Paul testifies, in his epistle to the Ephesians, 3: 9-19, that it was his special mission "To make all men see what is the fellowship of the mystery, which from the beginning of the world hath been hid in God, who created all things by Jesus Christ: to the intent that now unto the principalities and powers in heavenly places might be known by the church the manifold wisdom of God, according to the eternal purpose which he purposed in Christ Jesus our Lord. * * * That ye may be able to comprehend, with all saints what is the breadth, and length and depth, and height; and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fulness of God."

What a glorious thought! what a grand purpose! what wonderful possibilities are here suggested: That we might be able to sound the depth and measure the height of a true character, and feel the wonderful love of Christ. Is this really God's *eternal purpose*, in dealing with his children?

With our virtues buffeted, our better natures bound down by ignorance, vice, selfishness, stubbornness and passion, the gulf that stretches between our present condition, and an ideal condition, between humanity and divinity, between mortality and immortality, seems so broad, so deep and dark, that the possibility of spanning the chasm seems impossible; but if life, knowledge, power, justice, mercy and love, in their fulness, constitute the attributes of Deity, then the gulfs that separate the finite from the infinite are of the same nature as those which separate one race or one individual from another, they differ only in degree. The infinite is the moral, the spiritual and the perfect, but the finite tends toward these, and following their tendency may reach them.

The extremes in man's character and conditions are astounding, almost overwhelming, in their extent. Humanity has its head

in heaven and its feet in the mire of earth; its soul dwells with the angels, but its senses grovel with the beasts. In our minds we see visions of Paradise, yet on our souls we feel the chains of hell. The pen of the poet, the harp of the bard, the brush of the artist, the tablets of the prophets, have all alike failed to express the glories witnessed in the higher realms of thought, a realm into which the spirit soars while passion sleeps and reason sits enthroned.

"Our imagination fails even more completely in trying to pierce the gloomy abyss where humanity mingles with unclean things." Surely man has a dual nature, an animal instinct, or passion, battling with an inner life that is divine. The ministry of reconciliation commences here. Its office is to help men over the gulf that stretches between the lower and higher self; to turn humanity from passion to principle, from instinct to reason; from the darkness of hatred, to the warmth and light of love; from ignorance, to knowledge; from doubt and fear, to faith and hope; from discordant, competing factions, into one united body. There are degrees and distances between life, knowledge, power and goodness, but if we should see certain principles operating to close up these gulfs, reason would suggest the application of similar principles for the accomplishment of purposes differing only in degree.

Let us look into some of the experiences of life, and see if we can find principles that have been efficacious in the accomplishment of such purposes. We will take first the relationship between parents and children. The matured man or woman and the undeveloped child stand on the opposite extremes of life; the child may be interesting, but not companionable; there is a gulf between them. If you were made responsible for the development of a child, under what condition would you prefer to assume the responsibility, and what methods would you adopt? Would not the answer to the question be something like the following?

We would ask that he be given to us in an entirely dependent condition, that we might prove our unselfish love. When the mother has entered the shadow of death, that the child might have life, and the father has sacrificed comforts for the child's necessities, they may well claim his obedience by right.

If we were given power, but made no sacrifice, in exercising that power, we should develop hatred and resentment, thereby making it necessary to stifle the child's growth, curtail his liberty, or lose his allegiance. But if the child is dependent, and we are unselfish, we can satisfy his wants, develop his powers, awaken his gratitude, and secure his love. We will shelter him in his infancy, nurse him in sickness, and do for him what he cannot do for himself.

We will teach him true principles and good morals, and when his strength develops, we will gradually bring him into contact with the world, withdraw our support that he may become strong through exertion, and wise by experience; and when his strength, power and knowledge shall be equal to our own, he will bind the righteous law upon himself. His power will make him useful, his knowledge will make him free, and his love will make him grateful, gentle and susceptible to counsel. All the gulfs will be closed; he will no longer be a child, a dependent, but a man, a friend, a companion; and his happiness, and our success will repay the sacrifice.

Here we find four principles operating; dependence, experience, vicarious work, and sacrifice. Let us keep these principles in mind and see if experience in other lines will strengthen their value and add others to them. Passing from the home, let us look into the school. Here many methods have been tried in training, developing, and conducting the child through the various stages from boyhood to manhood. We have tried coercion, persuasion and fear of punishment; and out of the experiences of the race, we have evolved the following necessary factors: The child must be dependent upon the teacher for instruction; the teacher must have the right to prescribe rules and command obedience. Obedience must be secured by love, and not by force; high ideals should be held up before the pupil, and a good example set by the teacher. The supposition here is that character should be a prime factor in education.

In the government, the church, the school and the home, the attempt has been made to discipline men and train up children by coercion and fear, but in every instance the individual has remained undeveloped, or the system has been overthrown.

There is something in the power of love, however, which gradually thaws the coldest heart and subdues the strongest will, without weakening its fibre. If, therefore, the carnal nature of man is to be subdued; if his powers are to be developed; his free agency granted, his manhood maintained, and his happiness secured, by what grand law is the Master going to bring it about? Experience, reason and revelation all proclaim in unison: by the wonderful law of love. But before this law can become operative, virtue must become developed in man; sympathy must be established between the governor and the governed.

It may be said, without fear of contradiction, that there can be no real, no lasting, love generated, without dependence, vicarious work and sacrifice.

No president has won the love of his countrymen who has disregarded these basic principles. There is no patriotism burning in any heart, no love of the fathers, no devotion to parents, where the feeling has not been awakened by noble sacrifice, and the ties that bind the present to the past have all been woven by vicarious work.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HOW TO BE HAPPY.

It is envy and ambition that make us miserable. We often discover that we want things by seeing the abundance of others. It is comparison that kindles the fire, so that in outward possessions we should look to those beneath us; but for our mental attainments let us ever strive for the highest and noblest. A thing long expected and earnestly desired, when possessed, does not always bring the happiness anticipated. Do we not get the greatest good when we make another happy? We need to love and be loved in order to be happy. Let us do what we can for our friends. We can speak of what is pleasant rather than disagreeable. We can be in sympathy with their feelings, being thoughtful and considerate. There are many lonely people about us who need our aid. Encourage them to open their hearts to us and talk over their troubles. They will feel the better for having disclosed them. —*The Watchman.*

AN ADVENTURE IN CLIFF CANYON.

BY PROF. WILLARD DONE.

CHAPTER I.

A few years ago, just before the close of the school year, a group of young fellows, students of a college in the middle west, were discussing the place and manner of spending the first few weeks of the coming vacation. They were of the strong, healthy, independent type, to whom ordinary hardships and difficulties meant nothing more than the putting of their powers to a pleasurable test. Hence, their discussion took a wide range. Any place, if it was at least a few miles south of the north pole, or north of the equator, would suit their purposes, if its natural interest was sufficient to repay them for the trouble of reaching it.

Finally one of them mentioned the fact that a short time previously some cowboys had made a wonderful discovery in southwestern Colorado, and that the region had been explored but little by seekers after scientific knowledge. When he spoke of the wonderful ruins of ancient homes, perched hundreds of feet high, on mountain sides under hanging cliffs, and filled with relics of an extinct race, the students were imbued with a fervent zeal to visit the region and unearth its mysteries. They decided to leave for the place on the Monday of the last week in June.

* * * *

On the afternoon of Wednesday, June 28, the little railway station and village of M—— was startled with the sound of college yells and class songs; and a crowd of six active, lusty young fellows alighted from the train and marched up the street. Their

arrangements for guides, horses and provisions had been made by correspondence. They went directly to the home of a young man named Brown, who had been engaged as their guide; and there they found saddle and pack horses in readiness. After partaking of a hearty meal, and exchanging their clothes for jumpers, overalls, woollen shirts, old hats, and heavy, cowhide boots, they mounted their horses and set out.

The night was spent at a ranch at the head of Mancos Canyon. Early on the following morning they plunged into the canyon trail, and the difficulties of their undertaking began to appear. Their course followed down the canyon, part of the time in the bed of the river, where growths of clover, buffalo-brush, squawbush, cottonwood, and cedar formed a tangled mass, through which the horses could scarcely force their way; part of the time on the rocky, precipitous mountain sides, on narrow, sidling ledges hundreds of feet above the stream, where a false step meant almost certain death. But with the characteristic joyousness of youth, they turned their difficulties into jests.

"By the way," said Brainerd to Pearson, "speaking of relics, does that cayuse of yours belong to the stone age?"

Just then his own horse slipped half off the ledge, and with difficulty scrambled back to the trail. Pearson took occasion to hurl back the retort, "Look out, or you and your pony will belong to the bone age." This remark, though emphasized by the mournful howl of a coyote in the ravine below, failed to produce any serious effect. It merely provoked a peal of laughter at Brainerd's expense, in which he joined as heartily as the rest.

Pearson was much smaller and lighter than any of the other boys, and this fact led them to make him the butt of their banter. But his cheerful disposition and quick wit enabled him to turn their sarcastic remarks into good-humored jests. This made their "baby brother," as they called him, a favorite with his companions. Brainerd was the largest of the young men—he was over six feet high, and weighed two hundred pounds. He was the leader in college athletics, and there was no manly sport in which he did not excel.

During the last third of their thirty-mile ride down the canyon, they became deeply absorbed in viewing its rugged pictur-

esque walls. High cliffs rose sheer above the river, their faces painted with brilliant red, yellow and purple cliff-markings and iron stains. On the south rose a tall, pointed, vari-colored butte, known as "Cleopatra's Needle." Under some of the hanging cliffs were small ruins of gray stone masonry, fallen into decay, but still showing small doors, windows and loopholes. Pearson dismounted and stood before one of these ruins, with bowed head and serio-comic expression.

"What's the matter?" Johnson inquired.

"Don't disturb my devotion at the shrine of my ancestors," came back in an injured tone.

"He's mistaking this desolate region for the forest of South America," said Andrews in a loud aside. This delicate application of the Darwinian theory was greeted with applause, and the journey was resumed.

At the point where Cliff Canyon branches off to the northwest, the boys left their horses. Here they ate dinner, and each one made for himself a pack, consisting of two blankets and provisions for three days. These they strapped securely on their backs, and these, with good knives, a few hundred feet of "lariat," and a small camera, constituted their sole equipment.

Securely staking their horses where grass and the brackish water of the Mancos were plentiful, they commenced the toilsome journey. They were soon forced to leave the sandy trail on the mountain side and follow the dry bed of a spring torrent. Huge boulders, worn into fantastic shapes by the water, lay in their way; and they had to leap from boulder to boulder, or scramble by main strength up the smooth sides of rock twenty feet high.

They knew they must depend for water on the pools left by spring freshets, in the deepest basins of the torrent's bed. But although it was usually very plentiful, at that season of the year, the weather had evidently been unusually dry, and moist sand was the nearest approach to water they could find. Thirst and fatigue combined threatened to overcome them, and sometimes it was only the strength and agility of big, good-natured Brainerd, and the coolness of their guide, that extricated them from perilous positions.

Their main objective point was a ravine, branching off to the

east, at the head of which stood the wonderful "cliff palace," the largest and most typical of the cliff ruins. On the way thither they passed a number of characteristic ruins, situated under cliffs far above the ravine, and apparently impossible of access. To one of these Brainerd seemed particularly attracted. "I'm going to climb to that when we come back," he said with decision.

"To find a well?" asked Smith, ironically.

"The old oaken bucket would be a great find, wouldn't it?" suggested Thomas.

"I'd be content with some of its contents," said Pearson, smiling ruefully.

As they proceeded up the canyon, it became apparent that they were off the route. The guide bade them remain where they were, while he did a little exploring. In a few minutes he called them. In a slight depression of the ravine they saw a small pool of water. Eagerly they lay down and drank, straining out the "animal life" with their closed teeth.

The irrepressible Pearson looked up with a grin. "Did you ever hear of Saul," said he, "who sought his father's asses and found himself—turned into a king? Well, our guide has lost us and found something more precious."

"Out of the fullness of the—stomach," said Maxwell, banteringly.

"At any rate, the value of little things is seen in the fact that just now I'd rather see this puddle than a whole avenue of cliff palaces," said Brainerd, and he drank deeply again.

In the meantime, the guide had convinced himself that they were too far up the canyon, and they turned back. Soon they came to an immense rock, in whose surface small niches for the hands and feet had been cut. Brown climbed to the top of the rock and uttered a shout of triumph. By the aid of the rope, the boys climbed to the same position, and the marvelous cliff palace burst on their view.

Under an overhanging cliff, hundreds of feet high, was an enormous pile of masonry. The original building, which had doubtless consisted of fully five hundred rooms, had become seriously dilapidated; but the grandeur of the gray-stone ruins invited closer inspection. For hours the boys feasted their eyes on

the architecture, the relics, and the decorations. Then the spirits of Pearson bubbled over. He pointed to an inscription in red, on a wall of one of the rooms. "This fellow was trying a problem in calculus," he declared.

Mathematics was Brainerd's favorite study. He retorted, "Oh, no, Pearson; that's a hieroglyphic version of your class yell."

"Well, the fellow had the modern idea all right," Thomas declared. "As far as he went, he painted the town red."

Thus the boys tried by light talk to overcome the spirit of solemnity which the time and place engendered. But as darkness settled down, and the massive walls became dim, and the owls in the treetops hooted in mournful unison, a spirit of gloom pervaded the little group, and all became imbued with a profound devotion. God seemed speaking to them through the voice of a people long since turned to dust; and that voice each one heard and heeded. Levity was out of the question. For an hour they sat, absorbed in thought; then, wrapping themselves in their blankets, they slept the sleep of weary explorers.

CHAPTER II.

The next morning the students went more deeply into the exploration of the ruins. For two days they were thus occupied, securing photographs and caching relics for future expeditions. At 4 p. m. on the third day they started on the return journey. When they reached the place where Brainerd had made his resolution to explore the ruin which had attracted his attention on the way up the canyon, his companions endeavored to dissuade him from the attempt. All the reasons they could muster were urged against the venture, but he was resolute.

"I feel convinced," said he, "that valuable relics will be found in that old nest. And then, I have an ambition to have you fellows take a series of pictures of the old home, with a worthy scion of the family included."

"Two relics in one picture," said Pearson.

"Sit down and rest an hour or two," said the intrepid Brainerd, preparing to make the ascent, "I'll show you what college athletics can do for a man." Divesting himself of hat and jump-

er, and taking with him only his knife, he began the ascent. His friends hurled guying comments at him, as he toiled slowly upward, but he said nothing. At length he came to a difficult cliff, which all had noticed but he alone had calculated his ability to scale. No one else in the party would have been able to perform the feat. It was only his height and superior strength that enabled him to reach and cling to the little ledge which gave him access to the coveted ruin.

With a shout of pride and triumph, he swung himself up, and entered one of the lower openings of the cliff dwelling. A few minutes later he appeared at the top of the wall of masonry, and made a profound bow, amid the applause of his admiring friends; and a snapshot was taken. Just then something occurred which all but Brainerd had foreseen. A heavy cloud had been forming just above the cliff, and blinding flashes of lightning and deafening peals of thunder struck terror to the hearts of the little group. Brainerd tried to get back within the wall, but as he lowered his feet below the top of the rock, a shaft of lightning struck a tree, which had been the chief means of his ascent, shivering it to pieces and leaving not a splinter in the smooth surface of the cliff. The same shaft darted across the opening to the ruin, and the next moment the boys were horrified to see Brainerd, dead or stunned, they did not know which—lying with his head and almost half his body outside the enclosure.

A groan of horror went up from his friends. There was no time for hesitation. If he was not dead, they knew that on his return to consciousness his first convulsive movements would probably force his body a few inches outward, and a fatal fall prove inevitable. If he was dead, his body must be recovered. But how? It was impossible for any one of the party to climb the cliff. Some other means of rescue must be employed.

Pearson had been intently scanning the side of the mountain, to see if it could be scaled in another direction. The top of the cliff in which their unfortunate companion was lying was about three hundred feet above him, and the fall to the opening in the rock was sheer. Without a word the little fellow threw off his hat and jumper, and fastened the end of the lariat around his waist. In as few words as possible, he directed his companions to

take care of the coil of rope, and pay it out as he needed it. They could utter no protest against his movements; the urgency of the case was too great.

With a springing step Pearson started up the mountain side, following a course which his keen eye had marked out, far to the north of Brainerd's path. He came at length to a vertical cliff of limestone, fully twenty feet high, which it seemed impossible for him to scale. Without a word, he took his knife from his pocket, and began to cut notches in the soft stone. Providentially, the rain had ceased, and a strong wind from the east assisted him in clinging to the rock. Notch after notch he cut, and step after step he made, amid the breathless attention of his friends. His slight weight stood him in good stead, for the blasts of wind were almost continuous, and he clung to the cliff like a fly. After what appeared ages to his companions, he reached the top of the cliff, and ran to a point just above the ruin. He answered with a weary but triumphant gesture the shouts of his friends, and then proceeded to his task. Hastily making a loop in the rope, he fastened the other end of it to the stump of a tree. Leaning cautiously over the precipice, he let the noose fall to a point above Brainerd's head. The unconscious man was just beginning to stir, and the signs of life were hailed with mingled joy and dread by his friends below. Pearson skilfully lowered the noose, and a heavy gust of wind blew it over the head and shoulders of Brainerd, just as he made a convulsive movement and fell outside the ruin.

With all his strength Pearson held to the rope, and paid it out as slowly as he could. The noose had closed around the arm-pits of the half-conscious man, and his convulsive struggles only drew it the tighter. At length the rope was fully paid out, and Brainerd was within reach of his companions below.

With infinite tenderness they loosened the rope, and carried the injured man to a bed of grass near the bottom of the ravine, now running a freshet of water from the recent storm. While two of them worked over him and brought him to consciousness, and then told him the story of Pearson's heroism, the other two watched with breathless anxiety the descent of the boy. With the rope coiled around one of his legs, and clinging with his toes to

the face of the cliff, he descended slowly, hand over hand, and dropped into the arms of his friends.

"We'll leave that rope," said he with a shudder and a grin, "someone else may need it."

"Ah, you, brave, jolly kid!" they shouted; and lifting him to their shoulders, they carried him in triumph to the place where Brainerd lay. He lifted his eyes, and tears of gratitude ran down his cheeks; but he could not speak his thanks. Pearson placed his lacerated, bleeding hands in those of Brainerd. The silent joy became almost painful.

But Pearson could not long remain silent. "Say, fellows," said he, "let me paraphrase the words of Shakespeare's immortal Cassius: This act of ours will be shown in ages yet unborn, and circuses yet unheard of."

Brown had now constructed a rude litter, and Brainerd was carried on it to the place where the horses had been left. He recovered rapidly, and the next day the party returned to M——.

Two days later, a happy crowd of young men boarded the train for the return trip. They had been escorted to the station by a large delegation of the citizens of M——, who congratulated them on their enterprise and their gentlemanly conduct. With the pictures of the ruins, and the memory of their visit to one of the most wonderful regions on earth, they felt more than repaid for the toils and perils of the expedition. To their brave and skilful guide, they felt particularly grateful; but Andrews could not refrain from this parting shot, as the train pulled out: "Say, Brown, construct a pipe line to the cliff palace before we come again. I was a trifle thirsty the other day."

Salt Lake City, Utah.

LIFE OF ST. PAUL FOR THE YOUNG.

BY GEORGE LUDINGTON WEED.

CHAPTER X.

THE LONE FUGITIVE IN ARABIA—THE RETURN TO DAMASCUS AND JERUSALEM.

The New Commission—In the Synagogues—Hatred and Danger—Needed Teaching—Arabia—Moses—Elijah—Return to Damascus—Again in the Synagogue—Plot to Kill—The Escape—Return to Jerusalem—Suggestive Scenes—Changed Circumstances—Relation to Christians.

Saul had now no use for the commission from Theophilus, the false high priest on earth, to destroy the bodies of men; for he had a promise of one from Jesus himself, the great high priest in heaven, to save the souls of men.

We may imagine him spending a few days with Ananias and a few others who rejoiced in his conversion, talking together of their Lord and of his appearance to the new disciple. We are told that "Straightway he preached Christ in the synagogues, that he is the Son of God"—the same synagogues for which he had started with evil intent. Jewish hatred was at once excited. There was danger of his own arrest, perhaps by the very men whom he had brought, and who now called him a traitor to the religion he had professed, and to the high priest who had sent him to Damascus.

So it was wise for him to leave the city. Besides, he was not yet ready for his great work. He had sat at the feet of Gamaliel to fit himself to be a teacher of Jewish law; but he needed much

more the great, the divine Teacher to fit him for the mission of the apostle which he was to become. Jesus, after his baptism, and before beginning his ministry, "returned from Jordan and was led by the Spirit into the wilderness." Saul, in like manner, after his baptism, and before beginning his ministry, sought solitude where he could be alone with God, pray to him and be taught by his Spirit. He went into Arabia, among the mountains by the Red Sea. It was where Moses "came to the mountain of God," and communed with him.

Would not Saul here recall the speech of Stephen which he had heard in the Cilician synagogue, in Jerusalem, in which the martyr spoke of the leader and lawgiver of Israel being in this very region fifteen hundred years before? There "the angel of the Lord"—the Lord himself—"appeared unto Moses in a flame of fire." So had Saul seen him in "a great light from heaven." Out of the one the Lord had called, "Moses, Moses;" out of the other, "Saul, Saul." There came a voice from the one saying, "I am the God;" and from the other, "I am Jesus of Nazareth." Moses hid his face and was afraid: Saul fell to the earth trembling and astonished. The Lord spake to Moses of the persecution of his people in Egypt; and to Saul of that in Jerusalem and elsewhere by himself. To Moses the Lord gave a command saying, "Come now, and I will send thee to Pharaoh." To Saul he gave another, to "bear his name before kings." As Saul mused on these things, he must have heard the echo of the voice uttered long before, "The place whereon thou standest is holy ground." Nor would Saul forget Elijah who, in despair, had fled to the same spot six hundred years before. Would he not seek the cave at whose entering Elijah had stood with his face wrapped in his mantle, listening to the "still, small voice" of God who at last commanded him, "Go, return on thy way to the wilderness of Damascus," from which Saul had also come.

What a meeting at Horeb that would have been of the lawgiver, the prophet and the apostle, as they talked together of Him whom two of them had met on the Mount of Transfiguration, almost under the shadow of which the third had seen and heard the Lord of them all.

It is uncertain how long Saul remained in Arabia. It must

have been not less than one year, nor more than three years. His own simple statement is, "I went into Arabia and returned again unto Damascus."

Saul's return to Damascus has been called the beginning of a long martyrdom. We do not know the length of his stay there; it was probably three years or less. He attempted to build up what he had at first come to destroy. As the Jews in the synagogue of Jerusalem when they heard Stephen, "could not resist the power and wisdom with which he spake," so was it with those who heard Saul in the synagogues in Damascus. As the one determined to put Stephen to death, the other planned to kill Saul. The rulers of Damascus befriended his Jewish enemies and gave to them a permit for his arrest, even as the high priest in Jerusalem had given him such for the arrest of Christians in Damascus.

The city walls were high, and guarded by soldiers at the gates and other places, where they thought there was danger of his escape. Besides them there were Jewish watchers by day and night. But there was guarding him one who often "maketh the devices of the people of none effect." Against the wall there was a Christian home having a projecting window, from which Saul was let down in a basket by a rope. In the darkness his fugitive journey began toward Jerusalem. It was a strange contrast to that from the Holy City a few years before.

As Saul approached Jerusalem, and remembered how many and great things had happened to him since he had left it, his thoughts must have been busy, and his feelings most intense. Coming near the spot where he had seen the mangled form of Stephen, he could almost hear the voice of God saying as it did to Cain, "What hast thou done? The voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground." But with it he had the assurance of God's forgiveness.

Passing the scene of the crucifixion of "Jesus of Nazareth," the name had for him a changed meaning. A glance at the garden of Joseph of Arimathea and its empty tomb, would remind him of the risen Lord whom he had seen. He had left Jerusalem a Rabbi, a Pharisee, a persecutor, proud and cruel in spirit: he returned humble and tender, the friend and defender of those whom he once despised and persecuted.

Within the walls, what must he expect from his old companions in persecution. His fellow-pupils in the school of Gamaliel, having honored him most of all, would treat him with scorn and contempt. He knew they would feel that in confessing himself to have been doing wrong, he condemned them also. And then how would their old teacher meet his favorite pupil who had rejected many of the Rabbi's teachings? How would he be treated by Theophilus, whose letter for the persecution of Christians Saul had never used, and perhaps had destroyed in holy indignation? Would not the faces of the Sanhedrin be turned toward him as full of anger as they were toward Stephen; and their maddened voices repeat the cries of contempt in which he himself had joined, but using now the name of Saul instead of Stephen?

But in exchange for all this, would he not have the glad welcome of Christians, seeing he had become one of them? Alas, herein he was disappointed, for "when Saul was come to Jerusalem, he assayed to join himself to the disciples; but they were afraid of him, and believed not that he was a disciple" of Jesus. Nor can we blame them. They were few in number, poor, and unprotected by the government. They were like a small and feeble flock of sheep. No wonder if they thought Saul, who had held the garments of their martyred brother Stephen, in claiming to be a disciple, was like a wolf in sheep's clothing, seeking again, but in a different way, to destroy the flock. If the story of his conversion had found its way from Damascus to Jerusalem, it was now disbelieved. So the Christians were cold and distant toward him, distrustful and full of terror. He had lost his old friends without gaining new. With his new Master he could say, "Yet I am not alone, because the Father is with me." An earthly friend soon appeared.

CHAPTER XI.

THE NEW CONVERT IN JERUSALEM.

Tradition of Barnabas—Saul and Peter—The Two Visions—Saul and the Apostles
—Trance in the Temple—Departure for Cilicia.

There is a beautiful tradition which we can almost believe concerning Barnabas. It is said that he became a Christian at an

early date, and long and earnestly sought the conversion of his friend and schoolmate of many and happy years. Failing in this, their old friendship was broken. On Saul's return from Damascus, Barnabas, not knowing of the great change in him, meeting him on the street, tried once more to persuade him to turn from his evil ways and become one of the Christian band. Saul fell at his feet weeping, and told him all that had happened. It is easy to believe that the friendship "broken by the conversion of Barnabas, was renewed by the conversion of Saul." The companionship, begun in the school in Tarsus, and continued in that of Gamaliel, was revived and strengthened in Christian fellowship. Barnabas, who was called a "son of consolation," became such indeed to his old friend. He showed his confidence in Saul by introducing him to Peter, the leader of the Church in Jerusalem. Saul very much wished to meet this apostle for sympathy and instruction. In one of his letters he said, "I went up to Jerusalem to see Peter, and abode with him fifteen days."

What a meeting and what a visit that must have been! With deepest interest Saul learned about the person and work of Jesus on the earth from one who had been for three years a companion of the Lord. How carefully he listened, as if from the Master's own lips, to the teachings of the Sermon on the Mount, and in the temple and on the seashore; and also to the stories of the wonderful works which Jesus had done, showing his divine power over things and men!

Peter would tell of his near relation to the Lord, how he had trod with him the waves of Galilee, and was one of the three witnesses to the raising of the daughter of Jairus from death, and of the agony in Gethsemane. He would tell of the wonderful scene on what Peter called "the Holy Mount"—of the bright cloud of glory, the transfigured Christ, the voice declaring him to be the Son of God; of how Peter himself lay prostrate on the ground till Christ bid him rise; and of how the whole scene was a preparation for his work among men.

Then would Saul tell Peter of *his* vision—of the bright light; of the glorified Christ declaring himself to be Jesus of Nazareth; of Saul himself prostrate on the ground until Jesus bid him rise;

and of how the whole scene was a preparation for *his* work among men.

Thus met and communed together for a fortnight the fisherman of Galilee, and the tentmaker of Tarsus; the one having heard the voice of Jesus and seen his face on the earth; the other in the heavens; each called by him to be an apostle.

But Barnabas' introduction of Saul to Peter was not the only one. He "took him by the hand and brought him to the apostles, and declared unto them how he had seen the Lord in the way, and that he had spoken to him, and how he had spoken boldly at Damascus in the name of Jesus."

"It was a most critical moment in Saul's life and in the history of the Church." From that hour he was numbered with the Christian band, "coming in and going out of Jerusalem." Doubtless he purposed to continue there proving to the Jews that the crucified Jesus was Christ the expected Messiah.

But the time had come, foretold by Ananias in Damascus when he was to bear that name before the Gentiles. As when in that city, so now a plot was laid for his destruction. He thus tells how the Lord directed his way: "It came to pass that when I was come again to Jerusalem, even while I prayed in the temple, I was in a trance, and saw him saying unto me, Make haste, and get thee quickly out of Jerusalem; for they will not receive thy testimony concerning me. Depart, for I will send thee far hence to the Gentiles." Thus for the third time he was told among whom he was to labor.

Once more he turned toward Cilicia and the Tarsus of his boyhood and early manhood. Amid familiar scenes and idolatries, he proclaimed the glorious gospel of which he had learned since he dwelt among them.

CHAPTER XII.

PETER AND THE GENTILES.

Joppa—Simon the Tanner—Simon Peter's Great Question—A Vision—Messengers—Cornelius' Vision—Peter's Visit to Cæsarea—A Great Truth—Gentile Converts—Peter and the Jerusalem Church.

Joppa, now called Jaffa, on the Mediterranean coast, directly west of Jerusalem, is an old seaport remembered especially as that

to which Solomon floated his cedar rafts from the mountains of Lebanon for the building of the temple. Thirty miles north of Joppa was the coast town of Cæsarea where we remember young Saul landed on his first journey to Jerusalem.

These two towns will always be thought of together, because of a wonderful event in the early days of Christianity. In Jaffa was a house known as that of Simon the tanner. In it abode another "Simon, surnamed Peter." The house, like all in that country, had a flat roof which was a convenient and pleasant place for being alone. On it Peter went one day for prayer and meditation. A serious question seems to have been troubling him. It was this: Is the Gospel of Christ—the good news of salvation—for the Gentiles as well as the Jews? As a Jew he had always supposed it was not. This question was now to be answered, not only for Peter, but for all men.

While meditating and praying, he "saw heaven opened," and had a strange vision, and heard the voice of God, revealing to him the great truth that Christ died for all, and that all, both Jews and Gentiles, can be saved through him.

No sooner was the trance ended than voices were heard in the courtyard. They were those of Gentiles. One of them wore the garb of a soldier. Having asked for the house of Simon the tanner, they asked for Simon, surnamed Peter. He had just heard his name uttered by a heavenly voice from above, and now by human voices from the court below. Another voice within told him that this was not a mere accident, but a plan of God. While Peter thought on the vision, the Spirit said unto him, "Behold, three men seek thee. Arise, therefore, and get thee down, and go with them, doubting nothing: for I have sent them." He quickly obeyed, saying to them, "I am he whom ye seek: what is the cause wherefore ye have come?"

They told him that they were messengers of Cornelius, a Roman officer in Cæsarea, a devout, benevolent, praying man, who in a vision had seen an angel coming to him, and calling him by name—"Cornelius"—and telling him that God was pleased with his prayers and alms, and bidding him send for Peter who would tell him what he ought to do.

When they had finished their message Peter assured them o

his readiness to go, and invited them to remain with him until the next day, when they commenced their two days' journey to Cæsarea.

Now Cornelius was a Gentile. Peter, before his vision on the house-top, would not have thought of going to such a man: but now all was changed. He invited six Christians of Joppa to go with him and witness the wonderful event of a Christian Jew, an apostle of Jesus Christ, carrying the gospel to a Gentile heathen.

Four days after Cornelius had started his messengers to Joppa, they returned with Peter and his companions, making a company of ten. When they reached the home of the Roman officer, he prostrated himself before the apostle in worship. "But Peter took him up, saying, Stand up: I myself also am a man." Together they entered the house where many were gathered to receive him for whom an angel had told Cornelius to send.

Cornelius told of his vision, and of his joy in the coming of Peter, who in reply uttered these words which at that time seemed very strange: "Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons: but in every nation, he that feareth him and worketh righteousness, is accepted with him." He then spoke of peace by Jesus Christ; of how he went about doing good, and healing the sick; of his crucifixion and resurrection; of the wonders which the apostles had witnessed; of his great command that his gospel should be preached in all the world; and that all who believe in him and keep his commandments should receive forgiveness of their sins.

"While Peter yet spake these words the Holy Ghost fell on all them which heard the word." The house of the Roman officer became a Christian home. He and his family, and believing friends, were baptized.

The church in Jerusalem heard of what Peter had done in Cæsarea. In their ignorance of all that had happened, they were astonished and displeased. On his return to the Holy City, they greatly blamed him for entering the house of the Gentile Cornelius, and even eating with him. Peter told them of his own vision at Joppa and explained its meaning; and also of the vision of Cornelius; and of the Holy Spirit coming upon the company in the

Roman soldier's home as he had upon the Jewish Christians in Jerusalem on the day of Pentecost.

Most of those who heard Peter's defense were satisfied that he was right. They now understood what they had not before, that Christ was the Savior of all men. With surprise and joy, they praised God for his mercy to the Gentiles as well as the Jews.

CHAPTER XIII.

ANTIOCH IN SYRIA.

The Second Capital of Christianity—Description of Antioch—Statue and Temple—An Ignoble Queen—Apollo—Christians in Antioch—Barnabas—Sent for Saul—Saul in Antioch—The Name Christian—A Nickname—Changed Meaning.

We may call Jerusalem the first capital of Christianity, the chief place where the early followers of Jesus were found. Antioch became the second capital. It was three hundred miles north of Jerusalem between the Lebanon and the Taurus ranges of mountains, beautifully situated on the northern slope of Mount Silphius. It was sixteen miles from Seleucia, its harbor on the Mediterranean sea, whose cool breezes were wafted thither. A thousand streams flowed down the neighboring hills. The broad and navigable River Orontes gave beauty and richness to the woods nourished by it. Walls great and high crossed ravines and crept along the mountain sides. Broad bridges spanned the river. On an island formed by artificial streams was the palace of the kings of Syria. A magnificent avenue, five miles in length, ran through the city, lined with trees, colonnades and statues; and paved half its distance with blocks of white marble. There were gay villas bright with frescoes within, while without were gardens of flowers and groves of laurel and myrtle. There were splendid towers and temples, baths and theaters. In beauty it was almost equal to that of Alexandria and Rome.

Rising above the city, looking down upon it, was a vast statue—a great crag of Mount Silphius which had been skilfully carved into a human form by command of Antiochus Epiphanes, to

appease the anger of the heathen gods who he believed had caused a pestilence in his kingdom. On one of the bold and craggy summits he built a temple and dedicated it to Jupiter Capitolinus.

The climate of Antioch was delightful, and multitudes were attracted thither to make it their home, but they were chiefly a worthless rabble.

Antioch was a wicked city, one of the worst in the world at the time. The inhabitants sought their pleasures chiefly in frivolous amusements of the theater and races. While called the Queen of the East, because of its beauty, it was also the heathen Queen of Vice. Five miles from the city, on the river bank, was a colossal statue of the heathen deity Apollo, surrounded by groves of laurel, cypress and myrtle which, though charming and fragrant, became the unholy place of most shameful deeds.

When persecuted Christians fled from Jerusalem, wherever they went, they carried the good news of Christ and salvation through him. It thus found its way into the northern part of Syria, especially the city of Antioch, where within a few years many became Christians. This gave great joy to those in Jerusalem, who desired to give encouragement and help to their brethren in the distant city. The church in Antioch was composed largely of Gentiles, but this made no difference in the feelings of some Jewish Christians toward them. So they determined to send Barnabas to Antioch. This was a most fitting appointment. He was a large-hearted man, friendly, genial, full of sympathy, of a charitable spirit, zealous and wise. His character is summed up by the writer of the Acts in a single short sentence: "He was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost and of faith."

Being such a man, no wonder it is said of him on reaching Antioch, "When he came and had seen the grace of God, he was glad." "He exhorted them all, that with purpose of heart they would cleave unto the Lord." His ministry was a grand success, for "much people was added unto the Lord."

Barnabas felt that he needed a helper in the glorious work, some one of more wisdom and knowledge than himself. He knew of such a man—Saul of Tarsus, his old friend who had fled from his plotting enemies in Jerusalem to his early home. So he "went to Tarsus to seek Saul," to whom his coming must have been a great

surprise. It was a joyful meeting for both in the place where they had first met in boyhood. What changes years had wrought! When Barnabas "had found him, he brought him unto Antioch." As he had introduced his friend to the Christians in Jerusalem, so he did to those in Antioch.

A street named Singon in Antioch is remembered as that in which Saul began to preach the gospel revealed to him in the street called Straight in Damascus. His preaching place was in the busiest part of the city, the greatest thoroughfare of the giddy and the vile, the gay and pleasure-seeking Greeks, the wealthy Jews and the Roman soldiers. Near by was the Senate House; the Forum; the Amphitheater; the Pantheon and other heathen temples. The carved image on Mount Silphius was above him. He looked anxiously and pitifully into the faces of idolaters, and happily into those of Christians.

That was a new name. "The disciples were called Christians first at Antioch." This is one of the three times only that the name is found in the New Testament. In the other two places it is used by enemies of the followers of Jesus. It is almost certain that it was not invented by the Christians themselves, who did not generally use it during the lives of the apostles. In those early days, when trial and persecution brought them so closely together in affection for one another and devotion to their Lord, they called themselves "the brethren," "the disciples," "the believers," "the saints," "the Church of Christ," "those of the way," "the elect," "the faithful."

Nor was the word Christian given by the Jews who would not admit that these people were the followers of the true Messiah or Christ. There is no doubt that the name was given by Gentiles. Perhaps they only meant to speak of a people differing in their religious belief and practice from all others in the city, whose great theme was Christ. But there is another supposition—that ignorant Gentiles thought the word Christ was the name of a person, instead of a title meaning "anointed," or "the Messiah," and used it in sport and ridicule. In wit and laughter they called his followers by the nickname Christian, having no idea that they were giving a name that should become the most glorious in the world.

When Jesus was crucified, the title "King of the Jews" was written in ridicule on his cross of shame and torture. Now that cross stands for his blessed gospel, our highest hopes, and eternal life as we sing,

In the Cross of Christ I glory.

Even so has the word Christian changed from a scornful to a glorious meaning.

CHAPTER XIV.

BARNABAS AND SAUL SENT TO JERUSALEM.

A Year in Corinth—Agabus and Famine in Judea—Christian Sympathy—The Delegates to Jerusalem—Herod Agrippa I—Martyrdom of James—The Three Favored Disciples—Legend of James—Imprisonment of Peter—Home of John Mark—Night Prayer-meeting—Peter's Angel—Claudius and Herod—"The Voice of a God"—Death of Herod—Return to Antioch with John Mark.

For a whole year Barnabas and Saul labored together at Antioch with constant encouragement, for great numbers were added to the church.

Within that year about A. D. 44, certain brethren from Jerusalem arrived there. One of them was named Agabus, to whom it had been revealed that soon there would be a famine, especially in Judea, causing great trouble to the Christians in the Holy City. Those in Antioch did not forget what the mother church had done for them in sending Barnabas to help them in spiritual things. So now they were ready, in sympathy and gratitude, to send relief to their famine-stricken brethren, which they did "by the hands of Barnabas and Saul."

Their arrival in Jerusalem was just before the Passover feast, or towards the end of March. For five years the little church there had enjoyed peace, but now trouble had come worse than famine.

Herod Agrippa I, to make himself popular with the Jews, persecuted the Christians. Here is the short story of a great crime: "Herod the king stretched forth his hands to vex certain of the church, and he killed James the brother of John with the

sword. And because he saw it pleased the Jews, he proceeded further to take Peter also."

These three disciples were especially honored by the church in Jerusalem. James was the elder brother of John. We think of them as fisher-boys and then as men, followers together of Jesus who was possibly their relative, having no separate interests, with continued love for each other until the hour when Herod separated them with his cruel sword. They were two of the three favored disciples of the Lord. James was the first of them to follow him to death. John lived to an old age, mourning the loss of the other two.

There is a legend concerning the death of James. It is said that he was condemned by a false accuser who was so affected by the words and spirit of the martyr that he confessed himself to have become a Christian. On the way to the place of execution he asked forgiveness of James who replied, "Peace be to thee," and kissed him; whereupon they were beheaded together.

Neither Herod nor the Jews were satisfied with the death of James only. He planned another trial for the infant church, even the death of Peter, whom he arrested and imprisoned, intending, after the Jews' seven sacred days of the Passover feast, to bring him forth for public execution. By day and night the apostle was closely guarded by sixteen soldiers to two of whom he was bound with chains.

There was no power on earth to help him, but there was with God. In the house of a Christian woman known as "Mary, the mother of John, whose surname was Mark," many Christians gathered for prayer for Peter's deliverance from prison. The seventh night of the feast had come. In the morning Herod would bring him forth. While "prayer was made without ceasing for him" in the house of Mary, it was heard in heaven, and answered by the coming of an angel to Peter's prison, and releasing him from his chains, and leading him through the prison gates. Peter joined the astonished praying band, and "declared unto them how the Lord had brought him out of the prison."

Mary was a kinswoman of Barnabas. It is possible that he and Saul were of the number who joyfully welcomed Peter, in whose house Saul had been entertained the last time he was in

Jerusalem, and whence he fled to Cilicia when a plot was laid for his own life.

The martyrdom of James was followed by a terrible retribution. In the same month as is supposed in which that apostle was slain and Peter imprisoned, the tyrant Herod's days were ended in a more awful manner than even by the merciless sword.

Once more we turn to Cæsarea, the Roman capital of Palestine, in which we have found the home of Cornelius, the Roman Christian soldier. In it was a great theater built by the murderer of the innocents, the grandfather of the murderer of James. It was in the form of a semi-circle, with stone seats rising in tiers where an immense multitude could be gathered. It was to become the theater of a most marvelous event.

The Roman Emperor, Claudius, had obtained great victories in Great Britain. On his return to Rome, there was great rejoicing. Herod thought he would gain great favor with the emperor by a grand festival in his honor in Cæsarea, to which he hastened from Jerusalem. On the morning of the second day, the theater was filled by a mass of human beings to witness the inhuman exhibition of gladiators who fought one another for public amusement. Herod appeared, clothed in a magnificent robe sparkling with silver. As the rays of the early morning sun fell upon him, the eyes of the beholders were dazzled by the brilliant robe. Flattered by their foolish cries of admiration he made an oration to the people who gave a shout, saying, "It is the voice of a god, and not of a man." He was willing to be so called, though this was blasphemy, giving to a man what belongs to God alone. "Immediately the angel of the Lord smote him, because he gave not God the glory." This was very different from the experience of Peter in prison when "the angel of the Lord came upon him, and smote him upon the side," and led him from death.

The smiting of Herod by the angel was with a dreadful disease, such as had caused the death of his grandfather. He was carried from the theater to his place where he lingered five days in agony until death closed his life in the fifty-fourth year of his age. It was the fourth of his reign over the region where had ruled his grandfather whose wicked example he had followed to a like inglorious end.

When in the theater the scene was suddenly changed from the gladiatorial and other wicked amusements, to the judgment on the king, the multitude fled, rending their clothes according to the custom, in horror.

A careful student of the life of Paul suggests the possibility that he and Barnabas were witnesses of these things in Cæsarea on their way from Jerusalem to Antioch. The enemies of the Church, amazed at the deliverance of Peter from prison, and awed by the death of Herod, changed somewhat in their cruelty toward Christians.

More than eleven years had passed since the crucifixion, when Barnabas and Saul made their visit to the church in Jerusalem to carry the relief sent by that in Antioch. We may suppose that during it they were the guests of the relatives of Barnabas—"John Mark" and his mother Mary. He was a young man of deep feeling and excellent spirit, apparently willing to go anywhere in the service of Christ. During the stay of his kinsman and Saul in his home, it was determined that he should leave it and join them on their return to Antioch. So Mary, his loving mother, in separating from so good a son was comforted in the thought of the glorious work in which he was to engage with such companions for his encouragement and guidance.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TOO MANY VINEGAR PEDDLERS.

Is it not a pitiable thing to see people going through life peddling vinegar, radiating bitterness, criticizing, finding fault, seeing only the ugly, ignoring beauty, nagging, worrying, fretting, and tearing down? Some people seem to have a genius for seeing the crooked, the ugly, the disagreeable. There are too many vinegar peddlers. We need more joy peddlers, more sunshine makers, people who ignore the ugly, the bitter, the crooked, but who see the world of beauty and perfection which God has made. We need the people who see the man and the woman that God made,—pure, clean, sane, and healthy; not the ugly, diseased, discordant, criticizing one that sin, wrong thinking, and wrong living have made.—*Success.*

A NEW YEAR'S SHRINE.

(CONCLUDED)

BY SUSA YOUNG GATES.

"Well, well, well! Late again, my dear. Can't be helped, even on Christmas. Here, daughter, put that parcel up. Here, my dear, there's the holly-berries you asked for; rather late, but maybe they'll do."

A brisk breeze seemed eddying through the whole house with the incoming of the master. Doors opened, and shut; steps echoed and swung into every corner of the quiet walls. Up and down, over and around, the air of every room quivered with expectation.

"Come on, all hands ready for New Year's dinner. Here we are. Coming, daughter? We're waiting."

The dishes even seemed electrified with the current of energy that snapped and twanged on every wave of vibrant air.

"A letter from my son? Just arrived? Well, bring it, let's have it now. Wait till after dinner? Oh, well, I don't mind. Come along, then, dinner, dinner!"

And the dinner found itself eaten and discussed and praised and appreciated to the full.

But it was not till after they were all again upstairs in the sitting-room that the real New Year's spirit seemed ripe and full. And then the good man found his slippers and jacket, the daughter drew her lowest stool to the father's feet, while she gently caressed his hand.

"Now, my dear, read the boy's letter. Another letter from your old flame in England? Well, I'll declare. He's a queer chap. Is it all right, you say, daughter, for him to write? Sure. Why not? It pleases him and don't hurt your mother nor me. Let him fire away; relieves the pressure. Read on."

The lady opened and read the first letter. It was from her son:

Dear Mother:—The letter ran.

I am planning to have this letter reach you on New Year's Day, if only winds and waves and Western snow-drifts will not hinder me in this effort.

I can see you all there at home, father busy every moment, and with scarcely time to eat his New Year's dinner! Sister—is she getting prettier, mother? Yet how could she do that—I see sister's eyes dance as she watches you open this poor letter of mine. I shall see her all that or this day busy within and without, living the strenuous American life to the very limit. I wish you would stop and kiss her sweet blue eyes for me right here! Done! And you mother—I am so glad always that there is one safe, peaceful retreat in our home, mother—it is your love. I watch you in my thoughts moving about, never in a hurry, never in a worry. I say, father, we're lucky to have mother about, aren't we? Dear old dad! I would regret my work here, and consequently absence from home just as I was qualified to get into active business life, if it were not for the fact that I feel, somehow, that all my powers and capacities are being strengthened and deepened by this experience. I had hoped, father, to make life a little easier for you; but here I am—

The mother paused in her reading and wiped her eyes softly. The father said with unusual quiet softness: "That's a great boy!"

And when I do get home, father, we'll shake up every dry bone on the western hills of Salt Lake!

How was it, mother, that you turned down that fine old English gentleman, Mr. Rich, or, as he is now known, Lord Bateman, for a poor man like father? I told you about his rescuing us from his infuriated peasants. He tried to persuade me to drop my present occupation and go to Cambridge and study law. Failing that, he offered to keep me here the rest of my life: make me his heir, and educate me to any profession I liked. When I smiled in reply to this, and said "father lives in America," he looked gravely at me, and murmured, "His mother's son!" But I tell you he's been kind to me and my companions. We were obliged to be almost rude in order to get away from the luxury with which he would surround us, and to be at our own business.

I have not been down to the old gentleman's—

The mother slightly gasped at this appellation for her ancient lover. It is strange how a word may envelop the common things of life, with a soft veil of tender romance, and another word shall tear the veil away, exposing all the poor, threadbare outlines of the everyday passion. But she read on,

I have not been down to the old gentleman's for several months, as you know. I have just received a letter from him asking me to come up and spend the holidays with him. I am going to take my camera and send you views of the estate. His older brother died twenty years ago, unmarried, and this old gentleman succeeded

to the estate. It is a grand old place, as big as a cattle ranch, with a whole village as a part of the belongings. Great bunches of timber are scattered here and there in the park, as they call it here, with antelopes and rabbits wandering about under the immense oak trees. Hunting here in Europe is about the same as if we would go out and punish tame calves on a ranch; to add to the cruelty, a lot of yelping dogs crowd around the poor hare or gazelle, and make it an absolute cold-blooded butchery to kill the tender-eyed, hunted creature. I asked your friend if he had ever hunted here, after living in America. He gave me one of his queer, gentle stares, and answered, "I have hunted buffalo, can I stab a deer?" So that was the reason the deer were so thick in his "preserves," as they call it. The castle itself is very old—that is, part of it. The east side of it is all in ruins, and is grown over with luxuriant English ivy. On the south and west is a very large and comfortable house or castle, with fifty or sixty rooms. You would be surprised, no doubt, as I was, to find so many of these old castles and palaces built of cobble rock. Yes, cobbles, all roughly set, and no attempt to plaster or beautify them on the outside. But the solid, splendid architecture of them, with the miles of sweeping parks and sloping hills wooded with the finest of old timber, makes these castles beautiful indeed. Inside they are not up to our standard of comfort, although there are countless treasures everywhere. But hardly any of them have what these poor Americans think are our necessities: *viz.*, electric lights, modern bath rooms, up-to-date plumbing, telephones, brass beds, easy chairs or rockers, and conveniences for women. Mother thinks her house lacks conveniences and is rambling. Why, when we went over this gentleman's house, I didn't wonder he needed a small army of servants to take care of it. The kitchen was as big as our whole basement!"

"Well, that's the first clear idea I have had of your remarkable sweetheart's place," interrupted the father with a sigh of content.

The bed chambers are the quaintest things possible. The beds are all canopied and curtained; talk about a stuffy palace car—why they ar'n't in it compared with these closed-in sepulchres.

But your old friend hasn't forgotten you, a little bit, mother. And it really touched me to the core to see this life of quaint old romance lived in this busy nineteenth century. He loves old things, old habits and old friends. He says that is the reason he has refused to have a telephone set in his castle. He hates the thoughts of the wires and poles, the bells and the confusion.

He took me up to his own suite of rooms, and I tell you they're great. Talk about elegance! Why the furnishings of one room would buy all our whole place, almost a whole Salt Lake City block. Old tapestries, carved mantles, beams across the ceilings, exquisite paintings and priceless old silver and crystal, were everywhere. I have got on to these things here through inquiry and reading guide books, and I find that our mutual friend's castle is one of the richest and oldest in England. He has changed only one thing since he was here, he told me, and that is in his own room; he has had book shelves put into his private sitting room, so

that he can sit and study there, instead of going down into the great catacomb of a library, downstairs. He is a great student, and writes for a number of literary and philosophical societies. I asked him once if he was working to elevate humanity with all his literary toil. He stared at me in his gentle way, and said, after a pause, that all work was beneficial to humanity. But he doesn't understand life as I do, or he would get out and get a hustle on him, and tear down the shabby cottages in his village, and put in plumbing and sanitary regulations everywhere. When he offered to make me his heir, I asked him what he would do with his property when he came to die, in case I refused. He answered me with a very calm, contented expression, that the law took care of all that, and his heirs would, no doubt, be quite prepared for the responsibility. Think of a man calmly waiting for money to pile up and go to the other fellow, unused at his death.

He invited me into his own chamber, and sending the valet out, he led me to the round-towered window which ran up through this room. Over the entrance to the circular recess hung a heavy plum-colored, velvet curtain. He told me he had enshrined here his "Living Saint!" I expected, of course, to see his mother's picture. But when he slowly drew aside the curtain, right between the two tower windows, hung a full length picture of you. It was painted years ago from an old daguerreotype which you gave him, and the dress had been described to the painter by himself. It was quite striking, the likeness, only I think it looks almost more like Sis than like you. When I told him that, he made me tell him all about sister. But when I happened to mention some of sister's vigorous methods of thought and work, he shook his head and said, "She may look like your mother, but she has not your mother's disposition." He hit it pretty close, eh?

Well, now, I hope to go down there into Leicestershire for the holidays. Of course, I can't send you any gifts this Holiday season, but I do send my love, my whole, my very self goes out to you all!

The little family group all breathed a sigh of happy content when the good letter from the absent son was finished. They sat silent for a time, gazing into the fire, and each busy with his own thought.

At last the restless husband and father said briskly,

"Daughter, bring your father the Christmas paper. I have had no chance at all to see what's in it."

The girl rose quickly, and in a moment she had laid across his knees the brilliant covered, heavy sheets of good cheer. As she laid it down, she said tentatively,

"Daddy, ain't you going to listen to the letter from mother's old beau? She has waited to read it to us."

"Yes, yes, to be sure, of course. Fire away, mother, let's hear what he has to say for himself."

And with reluctant fingers, he laid his paper down, keeping it open, however, at an interesting page.

My Dear Lady:—[the letter read]

It seems very unreal to me to sit here in sight of your lovely, enshrined face, and to write to you as if you were still in the living land. To me you are always what you were thirty years ago, and it is thus that my spirit communes with yours. Yet am I brought to realize the changing years, when I look at a bit of pasteboard which your son has just forwarded to me. It is still my living saint, my lady fair, yet—lips and eyes have mellowed by the saddening hand of time and hard weather. You write me that you are very happy and content. I can believe that! You could not be otherwise; for your very being emanates light and peace, as does a marbled sanctuary, through which the sun's hot rays are cooled and soothed to tender radiance. I look at this strange You, and then at my familiar, long-loved You which hangs upon my wall, and—will the father of your son forgive me such loving blasphemy?—I say, lo, he hath the You of Now, but to me belongs the You of Then. My You, my Lady fair, lives still for me, as bright, as calmly beautiful as when, just thirty years come New Year's Eve, her sweet blue eyes last looked in mine and bade me calm good by! Some day, somewhere, that You I'll claim! I leave to him, your children's father, all his part, I only claim my own!

The lady paused, and the young girl looked up in her father's face, which was just now wearing a somewhat puckered smile, and said, "Well, Daddy, where do you and I fit into that scheme?"

The smile deepened into a very genuine laugh, as the father replied, "I don't know as it matters, child. The old gentleman's welcome to your mother's picture and to his imaginations. So long as she makes our mince pies and keeps our house cozy, we are happy, and so he seems to be. We're all suited."

The lady's expression was a mixed one.

"Why, my dear," she said, "is my only value in your eyes that of a good housekeeper?"

"Now, mother! you know well enough what I mean. Your old beau has the shadow, I have the substance. Can't I afford to be generous?"

Then, seeing the little perplexed frown still on her face, he added, "My dear, my dear! Do you want me to begin my old age by being jealous of you? Pshaw! I couldn't be if I tried! You have never given me the shadow of a cause. I might not trust the Englishman, but I am quite sure of you!"

And he leaned over and patted the still shapely hand lying on her knees.

The frown left the lady's face, and she took up the letter to finish its reading:

I hope this letter will reach you on or near the New Year's Day, for I would call to your memory the three New Years' I spent in your Western city; all spent neath your mother's roof. She was always so kind to the poor wanderer. And I shared your somewhat scanty holiday cheer each recurring season. What difficult days some of those days were. They are as a long-past dream to me now.

Do you recall the very last New Year's Eve I spent in your house? Your mother was trying to prepare some fowls for the oven, and you were busy at her elbow. It was your duty to fill the firebox with wood, and that poor wood was the grey-green sagebrush from your own grey-green hills. How pungent the smell, how difficult the burning process! Once, when your face was rosy red from pushing in the stiff, unyielding boughs, you said, quite sharply for you, "I'll never do this when I am rich!" Do you remember how I seized your hand and said, so eagerly, so eagerly, although the joke was poor, "You can be rich tomorrow, if you'll but say the word!" Your mother laughed. Ah, how she laughed; for she was always full of gaiety and fun. But you! No years will rob my bitter memory of how you looked. The sharp disgust that mantled every feature of your lovely face cankered my very soul. Never before, in all my former friendly intercourse, had such a look come over your face in my presence. And I had inspired it with my idle raillery. I left your city that night, never more to return. And yet—when now my memory paints the scene, there is no anger left—nothing but a brief, shadowy pity for the proud lad who fought his way from poverty and blighted lover back to home and a passive memory. And now that past has surged back with swift, recurring waves of memory. And out of all the debris of what was, and what might have been, some thoughts stand out with painful outlines. What has my past given me, and what has it taken away? Who can tell! I have been but a dreamer; mayhap I should have done no better in your busy, bustling West. There must be dreams, else would there be no realities. But now, as mine eyes travel the backward road, I find no visible evidence of all that my past has meant to me. Perhaps I should not have had this thought but for the look I saw once in your son's eyes! Ah well, one can always begin over—is not that your own hopeful doctrine?

And so, here in this unfriendly land of mine, I have chosen to crystallize the vague memories and thoughts, the vividly remembered love of my life and all its consequent pain. Your son would not accept my offer of home and heirship, and that somewhat troubled me. Yet could I understand!

These hearts of ours—these loves—these hates—the very I and You—what comes to them with Death! I know what you would say, but my soul finds no answer that can satisfy. Have You, have I endured and joyed in other bodies? Loved in other lives? Or did that You I love so well begin its sweet existence scarce half a century ago? And will my You go on to other forms or other lives?

These solemn questions haunt me with a thousand brooding eyes. 'Tis no avail to ask your pictured face nor any minister. For whatever answer comes, my soul refuses acquiescence. These are my daily ghosts which rise and walk with me in starlight or beneath the mid-day glare. Sometimes a breath of far-off peace broods o'er my restless spirit, and folding wings of calm belief brings rest and happiness. And then my ghosts are clothed upon with rosy flesh, their draperies float out with sweet abandon, and they stretch out dear waiting arms to take me close. Yet, when I spring to their embrace, the rosy, misty cloud-shape which seemed of very solid substance, melts and pours a stream of icy doubt in every crevice of my being! And so I live from day to day!

Thus, when your son looked in my eyes with his young manhood's question of what my life had done for me, or him, or great humanity, I could not find reply. My ghosts were skeletons, and in a row they stood, and shook their very bones with horrid laughter at my quick dismay. But I have exorcised them—for a time, at least.

And now, I fain would show you what my answer is. But I was ever poor and lame at giving details; you must fill in my outlines or wait until your son comes down to see and tell, and then the heights and depths, the squares and circles of this crystallized fancy of mine will—I warrant you—be amply told and pictured; measured and described by this bright young American son.

Yet, first, dear My Lady, give me your hand and let me conduct you to My Lady's Shrine.

Thy feet hath never trodden any land but Utah's vales. If thou couldst travel to the far-off Orient, thou wouldst find a mighty poem, an exquisite mausoleum built in pure, white marble by an East Indian lover to his dead love. Those beautiful walls and minarets, of the lovely Taj Mahal have been the marvel of the centuries. None but a prince, and he of fabulous wealth, could so erect a fitting shrine for adoring love. Yet his faithful affection belongs to every age, finds echo in a thousand hearts, in every land and clime.

I stood before your picture and silently communed with you. I told you of my wish that I might in some form embody all that you have been to me. At first your face looked cold and still; and then methought your eyes grew like your son's, and clearly questioned me about this life's utilities. I tried to argue or to show you where a thought, a love, a pure impulse, can always bless and beautify. But still that questioning look, that silent, constant inquiry—

And therefore, have I builded thee a Shrine. A simple, modest shrine as Thou wouldst choose. And lo—instead of shaping it like a sepulchre, I chose to make it as a church. 'Tis not a place for grief nor mourning, but a sanctuary where love, and hope, and, mayhap, faith, may come and bring their benediction.

My peasants eyes have started from the sockets with fearsome awe to see an English gentleman so lost to science, art and culture. For this Shrine, which is a church, is built and will be given to the Faith, so new and strange, which claims my Lady's trust and deep allegiance. Your son will give you all dimensions. But let me lead you down the long green lane to where the village clusters like a crowded bunch of grapes upon a slender stem. Just at the edge, you turn about, and, bowered in a dozen stately trees, this little edifice is reared. 'Tis like our

English churches, do you say? and yet the quaint New England primness, which I copied from your own Utah, creates a sad bewilderment in rustic minds. My architect would add a tower or two, and put the entrance in a corner; but come within! You see there is no chancel rail, no nave, no fretted scrolls, no dizzy pulpit steps. Just simple seats and plenty of them on a platform raised, and railed off from the congregation.

One luxury I fain would have. You will forgive—and understand!

Look up to that long window whose radiant colors blend like flowered field of dew and beauty. You see my shrined Saint. No wings, no aureole, mars the tender, pure conception of a sainted human woman. Do you catch that heavenly peace that radiates from every fold of her pure, white drapery, and is centered in that dream-like, exquisite face? 'Tis You, the You that I have loved through all these years. Forever young, forever beautiful? The artist has shaded all his background with rarest opalescent tints which blend with green sward and blue sky like sound-rays of richest harmony. Divinely tall and most divinely fair she stands, my Lady! And what of strife or evil may dare to enter that sweet presence. No canonized saint was e'er so pure, so fair, or half so dearly worshiped. No one will guess my secret except your clear-eyed boy, and he will understand!

This is my New Year gift to life and love and You. For it will do and say the things I dream and long for. It is my great earth-passion, purified and sanctified of gross and carnal elements. As such I pray you to accept it. Your son will dedicate it unto God, as is your people's custom; but I—ah ghost, dear ghost of doubt and half-belief, I can but dedicate my shrine to my own Lady Love! And if, in some half-waking moments in thy chamber walls, thou feelest thy spirit slip its leash and fly across the seas, my heart will meet you, and conduct you to this shrine, where fealty and love have crystallized a dream into my Lady's dearly loved Utility.

I shall never see thy face on earth again! But when my soul has freed itself from this poor clay, I shall request one thing of my strange heirs: I wish my body buried 'neath the jewelled window in this church, so that My Lady's eyes will ever rest above my heart, and thus bestow the benediction of a peace this earth denied to me. And all the ghosts which haunt my daily footsteps will flee at thy dear smile. For even as I write this letter—here within the chapel walls—I feel a peace and restful joy that hath not soothed my soul for years.

Your son will be here New Year's Day. I trust this letter reaches you upon that day. And as you read it, try to see us gathered here within these walls. Your son shall offer prayer and song of praise. The poor bewildered villagers will gape and stare, but chance it, some may stay to pray and praise.

The letter ended, and the lady looked up to her small audience.

The daughter sat with her hands clasped over her knees, looking pensively into the fire.

The father had fallen asleep, with his paper across his lap.

The lady rose, and, going to the desk, she put her letters

away. Then passing by the window, she looked out at the soft, falling snow, to which her long-ago lover had compared herself.

"Violets grow under the snow," she murmured. "Roses blush, and bloom, and all nature springs to life and love anew from its white winter's sleep. The snow is but a kindly veil which hides all nature's scars and blemishes; and human hearts must have some covering, like the snow, to hide their deepest sanctuaries."

The lady turned to look within the room. Her eyes were wet with dews of love as her gaze rested on her daughter's lovely face.

And then she looked at him—her daughter's father! Weary, bustling, patient toiler! The hands which drooped upon the printed page were rough with toil. He was too tired, even on a New Year's Day, to listen to a lover's tale of faithful love for his own wife! His busy life lay all before her—incomplete, but full of high ambitions. And now she could but know that time would give no further opportunities to finish half the plans and hopes that, like home in which she dwelt, had towered up so grandly when begun. The lover in his English castle stood before her eyes. The lover who could love a shadow woman; one who looked on life from painted canvas, or from opal-tinted, jeweled window.

The daughter came to her mother at the window, and the two stood, with arms about each other, looking into the white gloom of the snowy night.

"Such a love as that," said the girl in low tones, "will surely sanctify and bless both builder and the shrine."

The lady laid her head upon her daughter's brown tresses, lovingly, and with a sense of peace and pure happiness.

"You would not exchange father, even for a castle and an earl, would you, mother mine?" the girl asked.

"I am your father's wife for time and all eternity. And he is one of God's own noblemen. Our castle waits us over There! But with some mystic tie, we'll hold the far-off English friend, and make him welcome to our heavenly home."

And the snow beat with soft, noiseless fingers against the window glass, while earth and mountain drank in with eager thirst the sweet hope of spring flowers and summer fruitage. And so the New Year closed in upon them all!

Salt Lake City, Utah.

DIE SIEGES-ALLEE.

EDITED BY LYDIA D. ALDER. TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN BY
G. ALFRED ALDER AND CHARLES J. THOMAS, LATE
MISSIONARIES TO GERMANY.

II.

SECOND GROUP—EARL OTTO I.—1168–1184.

Otto I had, as eldest son of Albrecht, the Bear, in his father's lifetime, taken part in the government. He had undertaken a victorious campaign against the Pommern, and first reduced to vassalage to the government, this Slavish district, which, till then, for hundreds of years, had waged cruel war between Brandenburg and Pommern. At last Otto I, on the side of Frederick I, helped to advance the power of Henry the Lion.

Out of the ruins of the Askanischan house, Otto's younger brother Beurhard was given, as war debt, the dukedom of Saxony. Christianity had, under the government of the Mark, made further progress. Above all, Otto I founded the Cloister Lehnin. There is a saying about Lehnin as follows: Count Otto was slumbering after a hunt, being fatigued by the midday heat. In a dream he saw a doe, which unceasingly pressed him until he ran her through with his spear. He awoke and told his companions of the dream. Some were of the opinion that he should build a castle on this spot, against the heathen enemies of the Cross. But Otto said, "A castle I will found here, where I can, through the weapons of priestly men, prepare a fight for the servants of the devil; then I'll calmly await the Judgment day." At once he permitted the Cistergiensen monks to come out of the cloister of Siltichenback, by Mansfield, who in 1180, in the swamps and forests of Zanche, southeast of Brandenburg, began the marine cloister Lehnin.

As one of the seven officials of the kingdom, he perfected the office of Arch Chamberlain at the Pfingsten, 1184, at the famous Reichstag of Frederick I at Nainez. In 1184, Otto was buried there, and later many of his posterity.

ABBOTT SIEBOLD

was the first superintendent of the newly-founded cloister Lehnin. As such he directed the civilizing work of the monks for about ten years, until 1190, when, through his Slavish adversaries, he suffered a martyr's death. The fables, circulated later, about his end, by the enemies of the clergy of the cloister, are long ago laid by.

PRINCE PRIBISLAW,

a Wendish noble warrior in Havilland, turned with his wife to Christianity, and received in baptism the name of Henry, while his people still brought blood offerings to the three-headed gods of Triglaff. Through his friendship Albrecht, the Bear, was enabled to establish a strong foothold on the frontier, to the right of the Elbe. Pribislaw raised Albrecht's heir, Otto I out of the baptism, and gave him as a christening present the cloister and forests of Zanche. As Pribislaw was without an heir, he made all of his holdings over to Earl Albrecht. So went to the death this last Brandenburg Slavic Prince in 1150, and without a struggle, his estate went over to the Askaner. Pribislaw is said to be the founder of the Marine Church, on Mount Haslung, by Brandenburg, which was torn down by Frederick I, in 1722.

THIRD GROUP—OTTO II—1184-1205.

Otto II followed his father, Otto I, as main heir. Two younger brothers were given districts in the Old Mark. As one of these, Henry from Gardelagen died without an heir in 1192. The younger brother sought the honor. Albrecht, Count from Arneburg, fought his brother, Otto II, over the estate, but they suffered each other, as a dangerous discord took place with the head bishop, Ludolf of Magdeburg. He held the church ban over the Brandenburg brothers. They came to an understanding, when it was agreed that their Old Mark estates, and what they had inherited,

on the right of the Elbe, they would take from him in feudal tenure. In the wars of the German kingdom we find Otto II Hohenstaufen against the Guelps, whose close neighborhood was always dangerous to the Askamus. Through this, his political stand, he incurred the anger of the great Pope Innocent III, and brought his severe reprimand on himself in the year 1200.

JOHAN GANG

was of the noble line, that was afterward called after the ancestral seat. Putlitz is first mentioned as a warrior, and lived in the neighborhood of Otto II. As one of the first original nobility of Mark, he found his place by the side of Otto. The line of the Geese were large land owners in the Priegnitz, and probably belonged to the noble Slavin families, who now held estates in feudal grants from the new German authorities. Johan died in 1231. Shortly before his death he founded the nun cloister Marienfliss on the Stepnitz by Pritzwalk. The artist has placed the model of this cloister in the arms of the statue, after the custom of the Middle Ages. Johan presented the cloister, a holy relic, with the blood of the Savior, which Kaizer Otto IV had brought out of the Holy Land.

HENRY OF ANTWERP

is a representative of the Old Mark historiography. While other contemporary accounts of the old Brandenburg history are lost, he gives a Latin account of the recapture of the city Brandenburg, in the year 1157, by Albrecht, the Bear, which the Slav Prince Laego had taken by a sudden attack and through a fortunate accident. As the author of this account, our Henry from Antwerp is accredited. He wrote it while young in the clergy. Later he was Canon and Prior of the chapter of the church at Brandenburg. About 1230 he died full of years.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MEMORIAL MONUMENT DEDICATION.

BY SUSA YOUNG GATES.

There are two significant facts connected with the dedication of the monument to the Prophet Joseph Smith: First, the time has come to publish to the world by visible, tangible, unmistakable signs the mission of the man Joseph. The second fact was stated at the close of the trip, by the man of all living men who best loves the memory of the prophet, his nephew and namesake, Joseph F. Smith: that in all of love and reverence which we pay to the living or the dead, we must never forget to give the honor, the glory, the credit and the praise to God, our Eternal Father, and to his Son Jesus Christ. With these two beautiful ideals as foundation thoughts, let us review the trip made by the Memorial Company, and record the most important data.

The personnel of the party was of interest to the student of Church history, Leading all was the president himself, the living representative of the great family through which came the prophet; his second counselor, Anthon H. Lund; the president of the Twelve Apostles, Francis Marion Lyman; the four apostles, John Henry Smith, representing as well the family of Geo. A. Smith, Charles W. Penrose, Hyrum M. Smith, and George Albert Smith; the patriarch to the Church, John Smith; President Seymour B. Young, of the Seventies Quorum, and representing his father, Brother Joseph Young, first president of the first quorum of the Seventies; Rulon S. Wells, also of the Seventies' Quorum, and a representative of his father, Daniel H. Wells; President L. W. Shurtliff, of the Weber Stake; Angus M. Cannon, patriarch, and representing the Cannon family; Frank Y. Taylor, president of the Granite

Stake, and representing the family of President John Taylor; Joseph F. Smith, Jr., of the Historian's office, and grandson of the murdered patriarch; Jesse M. Smith, of the Davis Stake, and representing, with his brother Judge Elias, the family of Elias Smith, cousin to the prophet; Edith Smith, the historian of the Smith family; George F. Richards, of the Tooele Stake, representing the family of both Willard and Franklin D. Richards; Brother Richards had his wife with him and the baby, Oliver, which was afterwards claimed by the whole company; Brigham Frederick Grant, representing the family of Jedediah M. Grant; Ashby Snow, representing the family of Apostle Erastus Snow; Benjamin Goddard, representing the Bureau of Information; Lorin Farr, the man who was baptized in 1832, who lived with the prophet, and who has passed through all the long history of the Church; Bishop George Romney, who also knew the prophet, and one of the representative men of the Church; John Macdonald, also acquainted with the prophet, and himself a tried and true Saint; Arthur Winter, the Church stenographer, and one of God's own noblemen; Ida Smith, the wife of Apostle Hyrum Smith; Ina Smith, the young daughter of President Joseph F. Smith; and Susa Young Gates, representing the family of President Brigham Young. Representatives of other staunch and true men of the Church were invited, but were unable to go.

Among those who were desired to go were Lucian Snow, of the family of President Lorenzo Snow; J. Golden Kimball, of the family of President Heber C. Kimball; Colonel Willard Young, Major Richard W. Young, and Mrs. Zina Young Card, all of the family of President Brigham Young; Mrs. Bathsheba W. Smith, the only living person who received her endowments from the prophet; Mrs. Emmeline B. Wells, one of the greatest women in the Church; and others.

A beautifully engraved invitation to attend the celebration was sent out by the presidency to the leading men of the nation, and to prominent friends of our people in Vermont and elsewhere.

It is fitting that the Y. M. M. I. A. should recognize the fact that one of its own founders—under the counsel of President Brigham Young—was the originator of the idea to commemorate the

centennial of the prophet's birth, by erecting a monument on the place where he was born. Junius F. Wells, in company with Spencer Clawson, visited this spot in 1884, and then conceived the idea to acquaint the world with the fact that one of its greatest men and martyrs was born in an obscure village on the green hills of Vermont. What the monument is, no one can describe; for its simple beauty and majesty, like the character of the man it represents, defies description. It must be visited and studied before its exquisite harmony of proportion and detail can be understood. It is perfect in conception, and, together with the cottage which nestles near it, it forms not only a monument to the greatest man of modern times, it is also a testimonial to the gifted brain and indomitable hand which conceived and erected it. As long as the monument stands, the name of the man who originated it will be spoken in honor. Sentiment is the source of all the beauty and harmony in the world. And the most delicate, artistic, and vibrating of life's unities prompted Junius F. Wells to choose the one thing of all others most fit to form the keynote of the whole harmonic structure. He found naught but the remnants of the crumbling foundation walls of the old house where Joseph Smith was born; but in the center thereof, guarded by two overreaching trees of flaming maple, lay the gray hearthstone, still imbedded in the earth, and around it a few crumbling bricks of the old chimney. Hither he led the architect: "Build me a house," he said, "which may be of varying proportions and details, but of whatsoever it be, let the center of this hearthstone be the center of all your plans. Above this stone, you shall erect a wide and simple, open fireplace, in keeping with its outlines; and this hearthstone shall be the altar on which this home shall rest." And it is so done. The cottage itself is in exact harmony with the whole atmosphere of reality and ideality. Its broad, simple, flowing outlines, its sunny, wide porches, and its great, roomy cellar, its beautifully simple, yet costly furniture of mission design, its furnace below and its bathroom above, all mark it as a modern miracle to the plain, simple dwellers of the hills, who meet only with such luxuries as furnaces and bathtubs, in hotels and books.

No picture can do it justice, as no description can paint the monument. They stand on one of the most commanding situations

in that rolling paradise of dream-vistas. And the heart of every Latter-day Saint is thrilled with that worshipful peace, when gazing on these two lovely monuments, such as fills the soul only when standing before the unique and splendid architecture of our Salt Lake Temple. The shaft and the cottage satisfy completely every requirement of sense, fixtures, and exquisite beauty.

On Monday, December 22, 1905, the Memorial Company arrived at South Royaltan, the point nearest the monument from the railroad. After an early breakfast at the hotel, sleighs were secured for a trip to carry President Smith and relatives to Tunbridge, Orange co., up and over the hills, six miles from Royaltan.

On the way, they crossed the river several times, the enclosed bridges appearing like so many barns built over the stream. Many farm houses were passed, with their foundations covered ready for the winter. Barns, corn cribs, sheds, etc., were in close proximity to the houses. Sheep, oxen, turkeys and chickens made it look very homelike. Pine and spruce trees standing on the hillside, dressed in their winter green, added to the beauty of the scene.

All alighted at the home of Miss Chapman, the town clerk, and were very cordially received. Brother J. F. Wells had written a letter of introduction, but the welcome was just as hearty before as after its presentation. The town records, although yellow with age, were found to be in a very good state of preservation.

The attested record of deeds, births, and marriages of the Smith family was found, also other interesting facts pertaining to individual members of the family. The births of some of the children of Jesse, Asahel and Joseph Smith were found, among them that of Hyrum Smith, his sister Sophronia, also his cousins Emily and Jesse J. Smith. The farm of Joseph Smith, Sr., was described as being situated in Tunbridge Grove, near the Royaltan line.

No one could be found who could locate the Grove farm without the assistance of a surveyor and his chain.

We had dinner at the Tunbridge House, under the management of Mr. Blake, and enjoyed a good New England dinner. Some of the homes were visited, but little of interest in regard to the Smith family was known. Joseph Smith, Sr. moved with his

father, Asael Smith, to Tunbridge, in 1791, and assisted him in clearing a large farm of its heavy growth of timber. On January 24, 1796, he married Lucy Mack, at which time he himself owned a farm.

In 1802, he rented his farm and engaged in the mercantile business. Among other things, he sent a cargo of ginseng to China, but was swindled out of the entire proceeds by an agent he employed. To pay his debts, he was obliged to sell his farm. (See Lucy Smith's book, *History of the Prophet*.) In 1816 he removed to Palmyra.

On the return journey, several ox teams were passed; a saw mill in operation, also a grist mill.

Meanwhile, others of the party took sleighs to go up to the monument. The ride was delightful, the company genial, and the first sight of the beautiful monument filled the heart with joy.

Elder Junius F. Wells met us, clothed in heavy, outdoor working garb, for he was most busily engaged in assisting his slow workmen in the herculean task of completing the cottage for the morrow. There were no pillars on the porches, the porch floors were not even laid; and inside, things were almost as incomplete. Mrs. Wells and her daughter, Abbey, were also in working clothes, sweeping, unpacking and flying about, directing others as well as working themselves. But all three were as courteous and thoughtful as if no other burdens but their unexpected visitors rested upon their shoulders.

At noon, the large party, over twenty, from New York and Boston, rolled into Royalton. Elder John G. McQuarrie, president of the Eastern States Mission, was in charge, and his fine eyes were alight with enthusiasm over the grand event about to take place. With him were two of Zion's most talented soloists, Robert C. Easton, and Emma Lucy Gates. "Our Rob" had his dear little plump wife Janet with him, just as young and gay as ever she was. Her refined and cultured sister, Mrs. Eva Young Davis, accompanied them, thus making three daughters of Brigham Young and one granddaughter, as well as two grandsons, Brigham Cecil Gates, the young musician from Boston who was to accompany singers and chorus, and Murray Jacobs, who is in Boston on a mission, as rep-



The Monument, as the shaft was finally set, December 8, and as Junius F. Wells had led the cheering, with heart full, and hand raised in thanksgiving and praise.

The shaft is of polished Barre granite, total height 50 feet; weight 100 tons; the foundation is concrete, 12 feet square, 16 inches thick; second base, 9 feet square, 2 feet thick. The inscription die is a cube 6 feet square, and the moulding 7 feet 4 inches square by 2 feet 6 inches. The shaft is 4 feet at the base by 3 feet at the top, and $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet high, a foot for each year of the Prophet's life—surmounted by a pyramid cap 3 feet high.



First photograph of the completed Joseph Smith Memorial Monument, at Sharon, Windsor County, Vermont, after unveiling. President Joseph F. Smith in the center of a group of Utah people about the base.

representatives of President Brigham Young. There was also Elder Gudmanson, a young student violinist, Miss Ellen Thomas, a vocalist, and Elder McQuarrie's wife, Maggie, with a large group of missionaries from that section of country.

That evening a social service was held in the large hall attached to the hotel which had been decorated with flags and greens in honor of the occasion. A huge fire had been carefully stoked with great pieces of wood, all day, to warm this quaint old gathering-place. Elder McQuarrie presided, in his usual genial and dignified fashion, at the evening service, and there was a general, social spirit felt.

The exercises were as follows:

Opening Hymn.....	"America"
Opening Prayer.....	Seymour B. Young
Singing.....	"We Thank Thee, O God, for a Prophet"
Violin Solo.....	M. O. Gudmanson
"Home So Blest".....	R. C. Easton

Encore: "Annie Laurie."

Address.....	Prest. Joseph F. Smith
"O Dry Those Tears".....	Emma Lucy Gates
Encore: "Love in Springtime" (in Italian.)	

(Intermission.)

"O My Father".....	R. C. Easton
Encore: "Loch Lomond."	

Address.....	John Henry Smith
"Oh, Ye Mountains High".....	Emma Lucy Gates

The next morning, everybody was astir early, as there was a long, cold ride to the monument; and the services were to begin at 10 o'clock. The weather was a part of the wonderful providence which attended every phase of this work; it is very unusual to find less than five feet of snow in this region after the middle of November; and Elder Junius F. Wells had been so frequently told how impossible the completion of his work would be, and because of this fact the mild open weather with scarcely three inches of snow was called in all the country-side, "Wells weather." And "Wells weather," it continued to be, with just a flurry of snow to help the runners of the sleighs to climb the many steep hills leading to the monument.

The town of Sharon is some distance below the cottage and

monument, and is only visible at one turn in the road. But all the country seems to be named in townships, no matter how scattered the farmhouses may be.

Every sleigh and team for miles around was called into requisition, the ones for the Utah and New York party having been secured in advance by the thoughtful care of Elder Wells.

The road, past the winding White river, and up, up, up through winding, turning, twisting hill-roads, was made delightful with merry company and happy thoughts. The scarred trunks of giant maple and pine trees on each side the road told the story of the almost insurmountable difficulties encountered in conveying the mighty pillar and its base to the place where it now stands. For the special wagon, with even twenty powerful horses, which were secured to haul the shaft from the railroad up three miles into the hills, was found of no use. They could not draw it one inch, as the wagon sank deep into the soft earth. Next, a roadway was made of two-inch planks, which, even then, were soon broken and split. At last, chains were fastened around the trunks of trees, and progress was painfully made in this way—the shaft being thirteen days in transit up the three miles and a half road.

Numerous incidents occurred which unmistakably proved to the mind of Elder Wells, the interposition of Providence. One was amusing: a certain mudhole is so old and incurable that even the road-master, when appealed to, stood aghast at the proposition to mend that particular bottomless pit. A wagon-load of hay had sunk almost out of sight, several days before, but no one thought it possible to do anything towards eradicating the nuisance. However, the night before the shaft was to be hauled over, the whole soft bog froze over solid and strong, and nature had made the bridge for Mr. Wells.

Indeed, the name of Mr. Wells, in that particular country, is one to conjure with; the iron bridge at Royaltown was found to be a mere toy, when it came to transporting a hundred ton stone across it; down to the lower bridge, then, went Mr. Wells. A section of railroad track was needed, Mr. Wells had it built. Special cars of extraordinary strength were required; they were secured through the enterprise and tact of Mr. Wells. In fact, the skill, the enterprise, the power and the influence of the Church it-

self are greatly magnified in central Vermont through the character and labors of Junius F. Wells.

The cottage was packed with visitors and neighbors that memorable day of December 23, long before the services began. The exercises were held in the large front room, built around the sacred hearthstone, looking down towards Sharon. The mantle over the hearthstone was banked with smilax and chrysanthemums, and over the mantle hung an oil painting of the Prophet Joseph. It would be unfair to omit the mention of the work done by Mrs. Wells and her young daughter Abby, in the selection and arrangement of the cottage furnishings and final exercises; although Mrs. Wells herself smilingly declined to accept any honor, placing all our laurel wreaths of praise on the brow of her capable husband. But certainly both ladies must have done much to contribute to the final artistic success.

When President Joseph F. Smith called the assembly to order, not only was the house itself filled to the door, the porches and yard, cold as it was, were crowded. Almost immediately President McQuarrie edged his way out of the back door, and standing at the base of the monument, surrounded by an eager, but half-frozen crowd, he began an eloquent presentation of the history which had been begun in the earth on that identical spot, just one hundred years ago that day.

Within, the crowds hushed their voices and listened to the hymn sung by the congregation; then reverent prayer followed, by president Anthon H. Lund. Elder Junius F. Wells followed with a vivid yet modest recital of the story of the monument. It was, indeed, as later characterized by president Smith, a revelation. The tact and skill which had marked his labor, shone brightly through his relation of those labors, and while showing to his Utah friends the conditions which he had met and overcome, his words were so delicately chosen that no offense could be felt by any local visitor. Instead, he was careful to note the names and invaluable services rendered by various firms, and generous, helpful individuals.

After Robert C. Easton sang *Guiding Star*, a composition by a Utah musician, F. Dewey Richards, in his own soulful, matchless style, Apostle Lyman followed with a few well-chosen words

of appreciation for the labors of Elder Wells, and for the splendid assistance rendered by resident Vermonters. Then Dr. Edgar Fish, a state senator who has extended many courtesies to Elder Wells, was introduced, and he paid a tribute to the untiring energy which had made the beautiful shaft a reality on the far-away hillside. He referred to the friendship felt by Vermonters for Mr. Wells, and expressed his own admiration, which was a growing one, for the people whose power, thrift and sobriety made a prosperous state and an honest community.

Apostle John Henry Smith gave one of his characteristic, happy speeches, filled with the spirit of brotherly tolerance and love. He was followed by Emma Lucy Gates and Robert C. Easton, in a duet, *An Angel from On High*.

Apostle Hyrum M. Smith then bore a strong and earnest testimony. His cousin, Jesse M. Smith, next said a few modest, dignified words in behalf of the Smith family, most of whom were born in Vermont.

Apostle C. W. Penrose followed with a stirring, powerful testimony, saying more in ten minutes than most men do in twice the time. He said he was not born an American, but he loved the memory of that mighty American whose latter-day mission had brought his own eager feet across the seas.

The next number on the program was the song, *Joseph Smith's First Prayer*, by Emma Lucy Gates.

The closing exercise was the simple, beautiful and touching dedicatory prayer offered by President Joseph F. Smith, which is found on another page of this magazine. The humility and yet the quiet majesty of that appeal must touch every heart. The love for the greatest of earth-prophets; the reverence for God and his Son Jesus Christ, with the appeal for protection from every destroying force that might attack the sacred monument, is eloquence itself. While the modest justice which invokes a blessing on the head of Elder Junius F. Wells, whose brain and hand conceived and developed the idea, forgetting, however, that the work never could have been carried out without the deep and loyal co-operation of the head of the Church, all this breathes through the prayer, and strongly impressed every hearer with its peculiar, unselfish spirit.

At the close of the exercise, the people were dismissed by Patriarch John Smith, and all repaired to the monument, to assist in its unveiling. It was very appropriate that this ceremony should be performed by Miss Edith Smith, for no one in that numerous family is more worthy the honor. She has been for years the unpaid historian and Temple recorder for the Smith family; and what loving acts her brain has otherwise conceived, and her hand executed, only her friends, the poor, the needy, and the angels in heaven, will ever know. So, when the assembly was gathered around the exquisitely beautiful shaft, her slender hand drew the rope which bound the Stars and Stripes about the polished base. A shout at once arose, and men reverently lifted their hats, while women wept with joy and gratitude that such a man had lived, had died, and now had been remembered.

The thronging crowd demanded more music from Emma Lucy Gates, as her fame had been carried around the country for miles. She responded with the *Star-Spangled Banner* and *America*.

A delicious luncheon was then served, under the skillful direction of the best cook in all the country-side. Temporary tables had been laid all around the great square, open cellar; and here chicken pies of mammoth proportions, and the most delicate construction, were dispensed in great triangles. Salads of dainty flavor were abundant, with relishes and pickles of every variety. But ah, the creamy, yellow, flaky, rich, pumpkin pies—is not even their memory fragrant with spicy breath and delightful odors? The mince pies were equally fine; while cider, made from Grandfather Mack's own apple trees, was mildness and sweetness itself. It was too bad that four of our number ate "at the first table," and hurried away before the last and best of the feast was served; but please don't name chicken pie to any of them, or you will be saddened with their sadness, and rebuked with their sorrow.

After this interesting ceremony, the Utah and New York people repaired to the pretty sitting room above, and gathered around in a circle, while President Lund, in a loving, earnest speech, presented President Smith with a gold locket and chain, as a testimonial of the gratitude and affection felt towards him by the party who had journeyed from home with him. President Smith was moved to tears by the unexpected gift, paying thus the most

eloquent tribute to the friendship which had manifested itself.

After the close of this unexpected ceremony, Elder Wells brought up a small box from below. He explained that even the railroads had refused to bring the heavy square die which was to bear the inscription of the monument, so he had been compelled to cut out the center of the huge granite block. From this piece of granite he had caused fifty polished paper weights to be made, as souvenirs of the event and the day. The lists of the Utah and New York parties were then read, and each one responded, receiving the precious memento as his or her name was called. Even baby Oliver was not forgotten.

Elder Wells gave over, to the keeping of President Smith, two most interesting relics. One was a large button, such as was worn on gentlemen's coats in the early part of last century; the other was a coin dated, 1803. These were found by the workmen in excavating for the cellar.

While gazing with reverent eyes on the hearthstone, in this room, Elder Wells came up and showed a crack across the stone, neatly cemented. One day, on arriving at the grounds, he saw a couple of tourists with a ten-pound hammer. One of them was trying to break off a part of the hearth to take away as a relic; with the only angry words he uttered while there, he rebuked the vandal who would ruthlessly destroy the one thing of all others most cherished for the altar of this new-old home. Surely the iron fence contemplated to be set about the monument will be needed, else the perfect granite shaft would be chipped to pieces by ruthless hands.

A caretaker will live at the cottage, and plenty of literature for the stranger will be on sale there; while its roof-tree will shelter the weary elder or saint who may knock at its hospitable door.

At last, the reluctant party broke up, and prepared to return to Royalton. While others were busy cutting canes from the trees round about as souvenirs, some stood in silent contemplation before the polished shaft, pondering on its deeper meaning, its wider message. Hope and faith are the sermons which it preaches to the outside world; but there is even more than this to the Latter-day Saint, whose heart throbs deep to the message which was

brought to earth by the man—Joseph. Here is the beginning! Back to the very birthplace of the Prophet, starting at the very fount, the Saints have begun to build up the waste places of Zion. That work is begun! It will never cease! And, as was foretold by President Lyman while on the trip, the spirit which was a very part of the Memorial company, and the work which they did, will be felt throughout the Church. That spirit, he said, was a foretaste of the influence and power which would accompany every such future expedition. The upward trend of such events is accelerating with each succeeding year.

One other solemn thought rested like a benediction above the tried and troubled heart. The babe Joseph—he who played at his mother's knees at that very hearthstone—belonged to his tender, loving mother. The youth Joseph belonged to his devoted and still somewhat exclusive kinsmen. But the man Joseph—he of the heaven-seeing visions, and of the earth reforming principles—this man Joseph belonged to the people! To me, to you, aye, and to all mankind. Who are his kindred and his friends today? They are even as the kindred of his worshiped Master—those who serve God and keep his commandments. God manifested in his own way that Joseph belonged wholly and solely to the people; only so can the people belong to him.

(TO BE CONCLUDED IN MARCH NUMBER.)

FRANCE'S NEW PRESIDENT.

On the 18th of December, President Loubet of France closed his seven-year mandate, and according to law his successor was elected on January 17. M. C. A. Fallieres, age 65, and president of the French Senate, was the man elected. He is said to be round-shouldered and ungainly, with no special talents, but with a smooth political career. He got office before he was forty, and has been president of the Senate for nearly ten years. He is the regular type of the old fashioned Republican, and is strongly anti-clerical.

A TOTTERING EMPIRE.

BY DR. J. M. TANNER, SUPERINTENDENT OF CHURCH SCHOOLS.

Within the memory of living man, never were national disturbances, and international complications, so menacing to the peace of the world as those that witness the opening of the new year. The establishment of the Hague tribunal, and the universal effort to adjust all international differences by arbitration, are but prophetic acts of the growing dangers which threaten the peace and happiness of nations. After all, such universalists, whose sympathies and interests encompass the world, are but few compared with the contentious.

Heading the list of nations that are now sorely afflicted stands Russia, whose disasters, at the close of a humiliating war, seem to be all that the nation could bear. Russia signed a treaty of peace with Japan—a treaty that has been almost wholly forgotten throughout the Czar's domains, by reason of the revolution which is costing many thousands of lives and consequent suffering that will be incomparably greater than death. The empire itself is desperately poor, and the poverty of its inhabitants is abject and distressing. Both will soon have to answer for the enormous waste of treasury, blood and resources. In the silent years to come, the debt will have to be paid, in the midst of drudgery and relentless toil, unproclaimed and unknown.

The last day of the old year witnessed bloody scenes in Moscow, in the Caucasus, in the Baltic provinces, and in Poland. Moscow, the ancient capital of the Romanoffs, has been a perfect cauldron of anarchy. Within a week there was offered up to the cause of the revolution 5000 killed and 14,000 wounded. Just what went on in different parts of the empire, with which tele-

graphic communication had been cut off, may long remain unknown. As a rule, the Cossacks, the most devoted of the Czar's soldiers, have been true to the emperor. They have been enlisted from different parts of the empire, and have been so favored that they had little sympathy for those who have been struggling for their liberty. The Cossacks of Russia are distinct from the masses of the people, in home interests, freedom of speech and of the press, and in family life. While Moscow and other revolutionary centers have succumbed to military force, the opposition to the rule of the Czar is by no means ended. The political and social life of Russia is in a festering condition, and it cannot easily be foreseen where or when trouble will again break out.

Russia has yet to solve another problem, of which she is merely guessing now. What will the troops from the seat of war do on their return? The larger body of them is not made up of Cossacks, but is taken from the cities and the farms. It is made up of the men whose brothers and fathers are active revolutionists at home. Russia is evidently determined to postpone, as long as possible, the return of the army from Manchuria, but the army there is full of growing discontent; and if the government can do so, it will string out the returning soldiers over the longest possible period.

Linevitch has telegraphed to the Czar of the increasing insubordination of a large portion of the army. On the 13th of December, the soldiers of Vladivostok violently protested against the delay in their return home. They grew angry and began to loot Chinese quarters. What provisions they did not need they set fire to, and mercilessly slaughtered more than one thousand Chinamen. They then turned the vials of their wrath upon a German wholesale house, which they looted and set on fire. Soldiers from other parts of the army were ordered on the spot to suppress the riots. They were indeed ordered to shoot, but fired their bullets into the air without inflicting any injury on their comrades. Officers were compelled to flee to save their lives; and finally, under promise that the soldiers should be returned to Russia at the earliest date possible, the latter submitted again to discipline.

It must be the ardent wish of the authorities in St. Petersburg to restore order throughout the empire before the return of

any considerable number of the Manchurian army. On the other hand, the revolutionists hope to keep the struggle going until the army in the east becomes disaffected, and has time to return and join the revolutionists at home. It is hardly likely that the Czar will venture to withdraw his promise of a constitutional government, and greater freedom, because of a recent success which the soldiers have had in suppressing the riots of Moscow and of other places.

Under present circumstances, it would be the part of wisdom for the Czar and his advisers to establish a new form of government which will meet the demands and rights of the great masses of the people. If the people can be measurably appeased, the eastern army may be returned without great danger. The extremists and anarchists of the present movement would find their propaganda quite impossible, in the face of a determined opposition on the part of the great masses of the conservatives. The natural tendency of anarchy has been attributed to the entire Slavonic race; and if the Nihilists once gain the upper hand, it would be difficult even to imagine the horrors that await the unhappy people of Russia.

What adds to the uncertainty of Russia's future is the uprising among the peasant classes. Of all the oppressed people of the Czar's realm, the peasants have been the most unfortunate. At the same time they have been the most loyal. The authorities supposed that it would be quite impossible to arouse them to resistance. The spirit, however, of the Russian revolution has swept their villages, and they are up in arms against the landlords whom they are ruthlessly driving from their great estates. Their ideas of reforming the government are not so pronounced as their awakened hatred of aristocracy. They can see more easily the direct than the indirect sources of their misery. Their minds have hardly yet reached out as far as St. Petersburg. Their anger for the present is kindled mostly against what they style the "accursed aristocracy"—the landlords, who put upon them conditions akin to slavery. It is said that, in places, these peasants have been wreaking their vengeance upon their landlord's blooded horses, in which they see a hateful aristocracy. They have

rushed into the stables and tortured, in a barbarous manner, and killed, the aristocracy of horse blood.

It must not be imagined that what is going on in Russia to-day affects Russia only. The political power of union labor has never been so forcefully exercised as it is in Russia today. There it has taken on political power sufficient to overthrow the government. There can be no doubt that the example of union labor in Russia, today, will encourage Unionism here and elsewhere in Europe to assume political power. Unionism has shown itself to be, in some of its demands, infinitely more arbitrary than the Czar of Russia.

In this country, and in England, Unionism would be met with an almost equal political force in favor of the open door, or the right to sell one's labor in the open market without hindrance. Such a conflict might be, in this country, just as peculiar and anomalous as it could be dangerous. It would not be bounded by cities, it would not even be determined by family ties. In the same family might be found the Unionist and the advocate of the open door. It is very easy to imagine a civil conflict in the labor world more appalling than the world has ever seen. The example of Russia, today, may have consequence more dreadful and far-reaching than can even at this time be imagined.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN'S BI-CENTENARY.

The bi-centenary of Benjamin Franklin was observed on January 17, 1905. He was born two hundred years ago, and was America's first self-made man,—the greatest example in his day, of a rise from obscurity to wealth and position. He owed his success entirely to his own efforts. His parents were unable to give him a liberal education. When he landed in Philadelphia, a mere boy, he owned only a few pennies over a dollar, but at the time of his death, he was easily the richest and most prominent man in America. In money, art, scholarship, and science he stood at the top—and his attainments were honored by degrees from Scottish and American Universities. His fame as a scientist extended to every country, and he was the most many-sided man in all our public life. He could see opportunity, and had the ability to grasp it. He was a gentleman and a scholar, and stands among the greatest of many Americans who have risen from nothing to greatness.

PRAYER IN DEDICATION OF THE MEMORIAL MONUMENT.

The prayer offered at the dedication of the monument erected on the birthplace of the Prophet Joseph Smith, at Sharon, Windsor county, Vermont, on the one-hundredth anniversary of the Prophet's birth, follows. It was uttered by President Joseph F. Smith on December 23, 1905:

Our Father, who art in heaven! Hallowed be thy most holy name. We, thy servants and handmaidens representing the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, have gathered here to dedicate this monument to the memory of thy servant, Joseph Smith, the great Prophet and Seer of the nineteenth century, who was born into the world near this spot, on the 23rd day of December, 1805—one hundred years ago.

It was from him that we received the everlasting gospel, revealed to him by the Eternal Father, through Jesus Christ, the Son.

With hearts full of gratitude to thee for the light and truth of thy gospel, the authority of the holy priesthood, and the ordinances of salvation for the living and for the dead, revealed through thy servant Joseph Smith; in loving remembrance of him, and grateful for the privilege of being present on this occasion, we dedicate to thee the ground on which stands this monument, that it may be sacred and most holy. We dedicate the foundation, typical of the foundation thou hast laid, of apostles and prophets, with Jesus Christ, thy Son, as the chief corner stone. We dedicate the base, as typifying the rock of revelation on which thy Church is built. We dedicate the die, with its inscrip-

tions, as appropriate to the whole design. We dedicate the capstone as a sign of the glorious crown that thy servant Joseph has secured unto himself through his integrity to thy cause, and of that similar reward which shall grace the head of each of his faithful followers. We dedicate the spire, as a token of the inspired man of God whom thou didst make indeed a polished shaft in thine hand, reflecting the light of heaven, even thy glorious light, unto the children of men.

We dedicate the whole monument, as signifying the finished work of human redemption. And we now earnestly invoke upon it thy blessing, O Lord, and ask thy divine approval, acceptance and protection, that it may stand as a lasting testimony to the world, of the love and devotion of thy people, of the opening of the last dispensation, and the coming of the Son of man. May it be preserved from the ravages of time, the disintegrating action of the elements, from upheavals of the earth's surface, and from the violence of human malice or caprice. May it be surrounded by the influence of the spirit of peace, and remain a joy to thy people who may behold it, and a silent witness for thee to all who may look upon it.

And may the light of the gospel, restored to the earth through thy servant, the Prophet Joseph Smith, shine forth to every land and nation, until all people shall come to the knowledge of thy truth, and the name of thy chosen minister be known for good, and not for evil, unto the uttermost parts of the earth.

Bless those who have contributed of their means for the erection of this monument. And remember in loving kindness all thy people. Deal out blessing, prosperity, and continued happiness upon our glorious country and all her people. Bless and preserve our nation, and guide those who direct her affairs in all their exalted stations. Give the judicial, lawmaking and executive branches of our government adequate wisdom, that her integrity may be preserved, and that her glorious institutions, the just liberties of her people, and the rights of all her citizens may be preserved and perpetuated.

And, O God, we ask thee, in the name of thy Son Jesus Christ, that thou wilt bless and sanctify all the land surrounding this spot, sacred to the memory of all thy people, it being the birth-

place of thy servant Joseph. May it be hallowed by thy people. May thy blessing abide upon it, that it may be a blessed place, where thy people may visit from time to time and rejoice in contemplating thy goodness in that thou hast restored to the earth the fulness of the gospel of thy Son, with all the power and authority necessary to administer it and all its ordinances unto the inhabitants of the earth, for their salvation and the redemption of their dead.

And inasmuch as this little cottage has been erected, and provision made by which all the expenses thereof may be defrayed, we offer unto thee this building, and ask that thou wilt sanctify it, for we dedicate it unto thee, and consecrate it to the needs of those who shall come to visit here to contemplate, and to receive instruction, light and understanding concerning the great latter-day work. May no harm come to this little dwelling. May those who dwell here possess the spirit of light and truth in their hearts. May their souls burn with love for the salvation of the human family, and may they take great pains in administering unto those that shall come, for their comfort and enlightenment, that they may be assisted in their search for that which will exalt them and bring them back into thy presence.

We ask thee, also, heavenly Father, that thou wilt remember in thy mercy and in thy continued love thy servant, Junius F. Wells, who has borne this great labor and responsibility. May thy blessing and peace abide in him. We thank thee for him, for his integrity, for his persistent and intelligent labor in the accomplishment of this work. We pray for thy blessing to be upon him from this time henceforth and forever. Bless him with those things that are needful for life, and with thy Spirit, that he may continue to live in the light of thy countenance.

Wilt thou bless abundantly also those who have taken part in this labor—the laborers, those who have directed the work, and those who have furnished the material and the skill with which this labor has been accomplished. We ask thy blessing upon them, holy Father, one and all. May they prosper in the land. May they be blessed of the Lord in their basket and in their store, in their outgoing and incoming, when they shall lie down and when they shall rise up. O God, put thy Spirit into their hearts, lead

them in the path of righteousness, and prosper them in the labor of their hands.

We ask thee to bless the people of South Royalton, of Tunbridge and Sharon, and of the surrounding country. And this land, being the birthplace and the nursingplace of many of thy most faithful and renowned servants, who have made their mark in the world for the uplifting and benefit of mankind, O God, wilt thou let thy peace and blessing be upon this land. May it be prospered. May those who dwell here multiply and increase and replenish the earth. May all barrenness be removed from the soil, that it may be fruitful and prosperous from this time forward; that good men may gather here, and those born here find place and be happy, and enjoy themselves in the midst of these everlasting hills.

We ask all these blessings, heavenly Father, and we dedicate unto thee ourselves, and our labors, and all that we have, and this gathering, and those who have come here to assist us in the service. Thy servants and handmaidens who have come here to sing for us, we pray thy blessing to be upon them, and upon each and every one. Bless all who seek to do good, to build up, and sustain the righteous, the upright, the honest and the pure in heart in all the land.

These mercies, holy Father, we humbly ask, and we rejoice in thy mercies and kindness unto us. We give honor, and glory, and praise and obedience unto thy most holy name, and ask thee to accept of this monument and of this little cottage, these services and all our efforts.

We rejoice in thy goodness. We praise and adore thee this day. We commend ourselves with this monument unto thee. Glory, and honor, and majesty, and power, and dominion, be ascribed unto God and the Lamb, now and forever. Amen.

“OBEY COUNSEL.”

A REPLY TO FREDERICK M. SMITH, OF THE “REORGANIZED” CHURCH.

BY JOSEPH F. SMITH, JR.

In the *Saints' Herald* of January 3, 1906, there appears, on pages four to seven, an article entitled, “Obey Counsel,” over the signature of Frederick M. Smith, first counselor in the presidency of the “Reorganized” church. This article, which is copied from a sheet notorious for its unwarranted opposition and abuse of the “Mormon” people and their faith, contains a number of extracts from sermons delivered by prominent elders of the Church, in which strong expressions, in regard to obedience to divine authority, occur.

The signer of the article manifests considerable bitterness and ill-will towards the Church, and especially its leaders, in his futile effort to condemn them for their belief in “living oracles,” or, as he contemptuously expresses it “shining lights in its priesthood.” The signer of the above mentioned article came to Utah several months ago, it is said, on invitation from the enemies of the Church, with the understanding that the Church was in the throes of an internal struggle, and was about to break asunder. Like the vulture impatiently watching for its prey, he waited and hoped for the division he had been led to expect was soon to come; but to his chagrin the stern reality dawned upon his mind that the “Mormon” people never had been more united, nor firmer in their faith, and never had manifested more confidence in their leaders than he found at this time. Having learned this lesson, he began to wail and gnash his teeth in frantic disappoint-

ment. Filled with jealousy and rage, he must have revenge, and in the bitterness of his soul, he sought the association of the meanest enemies of the Church. In their hands he became a pliable tool, and has since devoted his time to the abuse of the Church, which course has led him into difficulties which will eventually prove to his own hurt and shame.

In this frame of mind, the extracts from the sermons of the elders of the Church have been given to the world in the hope of prejudicing the people of the United States against the Latter-day Saints, in general, and Senator Reed Smoot in particular. The strongest, most positive utterances of the authorities of the Church regarding the obedience to counsel, have been culled by him, and in the strongest language he could *employ*, and in the most positive manner, they have been condemned.

Yet, I maintain that nothing quoted by this disgruntled, disappointed person, is more horrible, "absolute," "shocking," or teaches the "submergence of individuality and intelligence in an abject obedience to those holding the priesthood who may occupy positions which are considered as high ones," than can be found in the utterances of this self-righteous reformer and self-appointed critic. In proof of my position, and to show that the positive stand taken by him in relation to the belief of the Latter-day Saints is insincere, I will here submit some of the extracts from the remarks of the authorities of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, which are quoted by Mr. Smith, and compare them with cullings from the "official" expressions of that same gentleman, in relation to "blind obedience," or "unquestioning obedience to the priesthood," as he taught that doctrine to his people. Let the reader judge whether Mr. Frederick M. Smith has not been insincere in his bitter arraignment of the "Mormon" people, and has unmercifully condemned them for that which he himself has taught.

From a sermon by President Heber C. Kimball, which is one of the strongest, he quotes:

In regard to our situation and circumstances in these valleys, brethren, WAKE UP! WAKE UP, YE ELDERS OF ISRAEL, AND LIVE TO GOD and none else; and learn to do as you are told, both old and young; learn to do as you are told for the future. And when you are taking a position, if you do not

know that you are right, do not take it—I mean independently. But if you are told by your leaders to do a thing, do it. None of your business whether it is right or wrong. * * *

Brother Brigham is my leader; he is my prophet, my seer, and my revelator, and whatever he says, that is for me to do; and it is not for me to question him one word, nor to question God a minute. Do you not see? * * * You and I want to live our religion and do as we are told, not questioning a word for a moment. You have got to stop that. It is enough for others to do that, without our meddling with those things.—*J. of D.*, vol. 6: 32, 33.

Again from the same speaker:

I will ask you the question, gentlemen and ladies: Can you live your religion except you do as you are told? I have said, again and again, that if we live our religion, and do as we are told, these men [Johnston's army] will never come over those mountains, for we shall slay the poor devils before they get there.

I do not know of any religion except doing as I am told; and if you do, you have learned something that I have never learned. You have a Governor here to dictate you and to tell you what to do; and if we will live our religion we are always safe, are we not?—*J. of D.*, vol. 5: 162-163.

This from President Young, although I take the liberty to quote a little more than is given by our friend:

While I am here, I am in the midst of the priesthood of heaven, and in the center of the kingdom of God. We are before the Lord, where every hand I shake is the hand of a saint, and every face I see, when I look upon the assembled thousands is the countenance of a saint. I am the controller and master of affairs here, under heaven's direction; though there are those who do not believe this.—*J. of D.*, vol. 1: 48.

This from Elder C. W. Penrose:

In a nutshell, the philosophy of the "Mormon" religion consists in obeying the commandments and living up to the revelations of God as revealed to his chosen servants on earth in this last dispensation of the fulness of times.

I have chosen these extracts because they appear to me to be the strongest quoted by the authors of the article in the *Saints' Herald* on the subject mentioned. I shall not stop now to enter into the reason for such remarks, the condition prevailing that called them forth; but shall proceed to give a number of extracts from a sermon delivered by Frederick M. Smith, January 25, 1903, in Lamoni, Iowa, and published in the *Saints' Herald*, the official organ of his church, as they were reported by Mr. Leon Gould, now the assistant editor of that sheet:

There is one thought that I wish to draw from the three stories [Abraham's

sacrifice and Naaman's leprosy], and if I can get that one thing, or one lesson, before you, I shall be satisfied; and that is the lesson of obedience, obedience, which is the result of absolute faith or confidence in God. * * * God places a high estimate on obedience, that is, faithful obedience, obedience that comes from the heart, or that is impelled by faith, and not simply by this intelligent compliance that we have sometimes heard of.—*Saints' Herald*, vol. 50, page 127.

Now the point I wish to call attention to is that when the Lord has commissioned a certain person to do a certain work, so long as that person is in discharge of that work, his voice should be obeyed, when it is given in his name, as though it was from the Deity himself. Mind you, I say that so long as he is in the office of his calling, that person in discharge of that work should receive the same implicit obedience, by those who are presumed to obey, as though the Deity himself were speaking.—*Saints' Herald*, vol. 50, page 128.

Talk about obeying "living oracles:"

No, he [Abraham] went with blind faith and blind obedience, and fulfilled that command to the very letter, so far as all practical purposes are concerned. And that is why, to me, it seems that this is one of the most striking examples of obedience. * * * And I am of the opinion that only in so far as we manifest obedience similar to this, will we be profited or benefited in our religious life. It seems to me that this faith that shall impel always to obedience is the one chief principle that shall finally win for us eternal glory and bliss.—*Saints' Herald*, vol. 50, page 128.

Did you ever sing the song:

Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?

And then did you ever sing:

Let us then be valiant soldiers
In the army of the Lord?

Did you ever think what that meant when you were singing it? What does it mean to be a soldier? Let us look at the army for one brief moment. We see an army commanded by one man who represents a country, a principle, a power. Under him we have other men, such as generals, major-generals, colonels and a number of officers that I could not now enumerate. * * * The main body of the army are the privates, of course. "Let us then be valiant soldiers in the army of the Lord." What does it mean? Does it mean that when we receive a command we should say: "I do not know whether or not to obey that command. It does not appeal to my intelligence; that man did not know what he was talking about." Is it the right of the soldier to rebel and say: "I will not do that, because I know that the consequence will be bad?" No; he simply goes ahead and does it; and in doing what is the mistake of another man he wins glory. But if he rebelled it would cost him his life that is if he persists in that rebellion. He

has no right to say: "I do not feel that I can comply with that command, because it does not appeal to me."—*Saints' Herald*, vol. 50, page 129.

I believe the Lord knew what he was talking about when in the Doctrine and Covenants he made this statement in what is called the "Fishing River Revelation," given in 1834.

Here follows a quotation from section 105, verses 2 to 6, and then the following comment:

There we are told directly, and most explicitly, that we must learn obedience, even if by suffering. And now why not prepare to place ourselves in the line of obedience strictly, or must the Lord again chasten us until we shall be forced into line of obedience.—*Saints' Herald*, vol. 50, page 129.

You have been called upon within the past few months to do a little more in a financial way than possibly you ever were before. And this idea of consecration has staggered some people; it has staggered them earnestly, because they were in earnest all the way through, and they have staggered when they have received the very command for which they have been looking for years. Now why? Abraham, when he was called to sacrifice his everything—that one thing, it seems to me, in which his whole being might be centered, he hesitated not a moment. And yet there are some of you who will hesitate because you are asked to go into your pockets to sustain the work now. And you hesitate on the ground: "Well, I do not believe that those men that are placed in charge are doing just exactly right; those men do not know any more than I do about those things, and I do not believe I am compelled to render obedience to them until I see it just exactly my way." Did Abraham talk like that? Is it well for you to talk like that?—*Saints' Herald*, vol. 50, page 129.

You can talk of intelligent compliance all you please; you can talk of intelligent obedience all you please; but there comes a time in the life of every man; there come *times* in the life of every man when, he cannot rely one moment on his intelligence, nor on his mental force, nor on his reason. There are times in the life of every man when he must be lead absolutely by faith, blind faith; and, it is then that he renders obedience that makes him truly great in the eyes of the Redeemer.—*Saints' Herald*, vol. 50, page 129.

"There is absolutism for you:"

Now it seems to me that if Abraham could sacrifice his all, could sacrifice his son, the one that had been promised unto him, and step strictly into line of duty, though he saw no reason why that would not destroy all the promises that were made unto him, I see no reason why, by patterning after this, we cannot step quickly and positively into line of duty under present calls, and say we will trust him still, trust him as a child trusts a father.—*Saints' Herald*, vol. 50, page 130.

O CONSISTENCY!

What a change! I fear this high altitude has sorely affected your head, my dear Frederick. Now let me ask you,

which time did you speak the truth, in 1903, when you faithfully taught your people the good effects of "blind obedience," or in 1905, when you condemn the leaders of the Church because they have done the same? Did you feel that you alone were entitled to that doctrine, and therefore abandoned it out of jealousy, when you learned that some of the "leading lights" of the "Mormon" Church, or "living oracles," as you term them, had also taught obedience?

For a "Mormon" in Utah to obey "the commandments, and live up to the revelations of God, as revealed to his chosen servants on earth, in this the last dispensation of the fulness of times," is a crime unpardonable; destructive of good citizenship; treasonable; "religious fanaticism most difficult to understand;" a most "shocking" "submergence of individuality and intelligence in the abject obedience to those holding the priesthood." But the same thing taught and enjoined, in the most arbitrary manner, by the leaders of the "Reorganized" church in Iowa, is a most commendable thing; a virtue heaven-born; "the chief principle that shall finally win for us eternal glory and bliss," in the kingdom of our God. O Consistency!

It may be difficult, for you, my friend, to understand *now* "how men and women can be brought to such a state of religious fanaticism, that they will bow to such domination as is taught in the extracts" you have given; but it was not so difficult in January, 1903; nor would it be now, I venture to say, if you would do your own thinking and "understanding," instead of depending on an unscrupulous substitute for your thought.

If it is a sin for a "Mormon" to teach "implicit obedience" in the "oracles of God," why is it not a sin for Frederick M. Smith to teach his people the virtue of "blind obedience?" Have you received a special dispensation? Does the locality make the difference,—a crime in Utah, a virtue in Iowa? Or is it the association that condemns the one and condones the other? What is there more "shocking" in the quoted remarks of Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball, John Taylor, Wilford Woodruff, Lorenzo Snow and Joseph F. Smith, in regard to heeding the counsel of God, as given through his servants, than can be found in the foregoing remarks from your mouth, Frederick M. Smith?

The hatred of the vindictive, treacherous foes of the "Mormon" Church, uttered through you, has led you unawares to sit in judgment on yourself. And truly, it may be said that the judgment ye meted to the authorities has been measured unto you again. Through the blinding beam in your own eye, you thought you beheld the mote in the eyes of others.

If it be true that "Reed Smoot, the apostle, or Reed Smoot, the senator, must be supine as a dead body, to be moved at the will of his ecclesiastical superiors," is he not even then, equal with you and your followers as a worthy citizen? It cannot be worse for him to be under "absolute control" than it is for you. And by your faulty standard of reasoning, you and your fellows are equally unfit to hold office, or exercise the franchise of free men.

In speaking of President Joseph F. Smith, you make one remark that I shall not let go unnoticed: "In a more forceful way, perhaps," you say of him, "has he been teaching the doctrine of 'unquestioning obedience to the priesthood' by promptly having any man cut off from the Church who dares to call in question the words of the men who hold the priesthood, and especially when the man called in question is himself." I declare from personal knowledge of the facts that this abusive attack is a malicious falsehood uttered without reason, or possibility of proof. None but the depraved, or the reckless and malicious enemies of the Church, with sinister motives and ambitions, would entertain such thoughts. The excommunications that you and your coadjutors here refer to, were for sufficient cause, and were the acts of the legally constituted tribunals of the Church, with which Joseph F. Smith had no more to do, than the humblest member of the Church.

That the members of the Church are taught "unquestioning obedience; or the submergence of individuality and intelligence to those holding the priesthood," is not true. If you know anything at all about the "Mormon" faith, Frederick M. Smith, you know that one of the cardinal doctrines of the Church is individual knowledge that would lead to perfect light and understanding, and a unity of the faith. That we should "obey counsel" as members of the Church, is true; that we should heed the instructions of the authorities of the Church, whom God has placed to guide us until we all come to a unity of the faith, is true. This doctrine did

not originate with Brigham Young, or any succeeding authority of the Church, nor with the Prophet Joseph Smith, although firmly and faithfully taught by him. For proof witness your own remarks in *Saints' Herald*, volume 50, page 129.

But this does not prove your contention true, that the individuality and intelligence of the members of the Church is "submerged" in the authorities of the Church. It is absolutely true that the members of the "Mormon" Church today are, and in the past have been, taught as strongly in the individual search for knowledge, truth and wisdom, as any other people on the face of the whole earth. It has been most strenuously taught; in fact, has been obligatory upon them as a means of their eternal salvation and exaltation in the kingdom of God. A Sunday could hardly pass when the doctrine of individual effort and research for knowledge and advancement in the arts and sciences, as well as in the doctrines of the Church, is not taught from the pulpits of the Church. There is not a faithful Latter-day Saint living but knows that his own salvation and exaltation in the kingdom of God depends on his own intelligence. The smallest child in the Sunday School is taught that "individual" knowledge is power; that "it is impossible for a man to be saved in ignorance;" that "the glory of God is intelligence." So thoroughly are the "Mormon" people taught this doctrine that their whole beings are imbued with it, it is a part of their very existence. These mottoes hang on their walls in their homes, and their places of worship, and are constantly stamped on their hearts and lives. It is through this great and glorious truth that they have been granted, by divine favor, that implicit faith and confidence in their leaders, such as was manifested by Abraham and the ancient Saints, a thing which you once could see and recommend.

In conclusion, I shall quote from a discourse delivered by President Joseph F. Smith, Sunday, April 2, 1877. He said:

We should not be satisfied with the testimony alone of our brethren. * * * Is it not necessary for all to be capable of judging as to whether the testimonies of these men are of God or man? How can we know that what they testify of is true? How can we know that they bear witness of the Almighty, or that they possess the holy priesthood authorizing them to minister in the ordinances of the Gospel? I answer, only by and through the inspiration of that Holy Spirit which is given to all who diligently seek and obtain it according to the promise.

Then if we would know the Lord Jesus Christ, and his servants, who are in our midst, and that their testimonies are true, we must enjoy the light of the Spirit of the living God individually. The possession of this heavenly knowledge is absolutely necessary to keep us in the paths of life and truth, for without it we cannot distinguish the voice of the true shepherd, which is spiritually discerned; and although we may be in fellowship with the Church, fully believing the counsels of our brethren to be dictated by wisdom, yet, without something more than mere belief or supposition, we cannot stand; and furthermore, under such circumstances, we cannot consistently claim that we have part or lot in the kingdom of God. For as it is written: "An actual knowledge to any person, that the course of life which he pursues is according to the will of God, is essentially necessary to enable him to have that confidence in God without which no person can obtain eternal life." For unless a person does know that he is walking according to the will of God, it would be an insult to the dignity of the Creator were he to say that he would be a partaker of his glory when he should be done with the things of this life.—*Journal of Discourses*, 19: 22-23.

STEADY, SON, STEADY.

(*For the Improvement Era*).

Darling son, no more a nursling
 Clinging to thy mother's knee;
 Feelings strange now stir thy bosom—
 Thrills of manhood bounding free;
 But remember, O remember,
 Thou art still a child to me.

Now thy bark is gaily sailing
 On a broad and placid sea,
 Warning words to thee seem useless—
 Lo! the breakers wait for thee;
 Steady, steady, watch the current,
 Mother's heart beats anxiously.

There is One who knows the waters,
 Do not venture recklessly;
 He will guide thee through the breakers,
 If thou rowest faithfully;
 Trust him, son, and still remember,
 Mother's love e'er pleads for thee.

RUTH MAY FOX.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

A LESSON FOR THE BOYS.

While there may be little use in preaching at you, young man, yet, let me in all confidence say a word or two on this subject of self-respect, as related to proper conduct and purity of life. Do you believe these qualities are desirable in a person? Certainly; self-respect requires, among other things, that one shall behave like a true gentleman, in a house of worship. No self-respecting person will go to a house devoted to the service of God, to whisper, gossip, and visit; rather, it is one's duty to put on self-restraint, to give one's undivided attention to the speaker, and concentrate the mind upon his words, that his thoughts may be grasped to our benefit and profit. With this in mind, it is clear that no self-respecting person will be guilty of unseemly conduct, in so sacred a place as a house of worship, where people have met to attune themselves to the whisperings of the Spirit of the Lord. Self-respect would teach every man due deference, in such a place, to those who have met to worship, as well as to the place and the occasion of such worship. Respect for others is one of the first steps in the process of gaining respect for one's self; and, like happiness, self-respect increases in proportion, as it is applied to other people.

Among the strong helps to gain self-respect are, personal purity and proper thoughts, which are the basis of all proper action. I wish that all young men could appreciate the value there is in this practice, and in giving their youthful days to the service of the Lord. Growth, development, progress, self-respect, the esteem and admiration of men, naturally follow such a course

in youth. The Savior set a striking example in this matter, and was early about his Father's business. He did not leave it until his older years, but even as early as twelve, he had developed so far in this line that he was able to teach men of wisdom, and doctors of knowledge, in the Temple. Samuel, the Prophet, had so prepared himself by a pure self-respecting childhood, that he was perfectly attuned to the whisperings of God. The shepherd youth David, was chosen above his older brethren, to serve in high places, in the Master's cause. Other great characters in history were also selected early in life; and the best men in all ages gave their young manhood to the service of God who honored them abundantly with commendation and approval. In more modern times, the Lord chose Joseph Smith in early youth to be the founder of the new and glorious dispensation of the gospel. Brigham Young was but a youth when he determined to devote his life to the church; John Taylor, Wilford Woodruff, and, in fact, all the early founders of the Church devoted their youth and manhood to the cause of Zion. You may look around you, today; and who are the leaders among the people but those who early and zealously devoted themselves to the faith? And you may foretell who are to be the leaders, by observing the boys who show self-respect and purity, and who are earnest in all good works. The Lord will not choose men from any other class of his people, and exalt them into prominence. The opposite course, waiting to serve the Lord until the wild oats of youth are sown, is reprehensible. There is always something lacking in the man who spends his youth in wickedness and sin, and then turns to righteousness in later years. Of course, the Lord honors his repentance, and it is better far that a man should late turn from evil, than to continue in sin all his days, but the fact is clear that the best part of his life and strength are wasted, and there remains only poor broken service to offer the Lord. There are regrets and heartburnings in repenting late in life from the follies and sins of youth, but there is consolation and rich reward in serving the Lord in the vigorous days of early manhood.

Self-respect, deference for sacred things, and personal purity are the beginnings and the essence of wisdom. The value of the teachings of the gospel to assist the child and the youth in this

path cannot be overestimated. Hence, the duty of listening respectfully and attentively to the men who deliver them. The doctrines of the gospel, and Church restraint, are like schoolmasters to keep us in the line of duty. If it were not for these schoolmasters, we would perish, and be overcome by the evil about us. We see men who have freed themselves from Church restraint and from the precious doctrines of the gospel, who perish about us every day! They boast of freedom, but are the slaves of sin.

Let me admonish you to permit the gospel school-master to teach you self-respect, and to keep you pure, and free from secret sins that bring not only physical punishment, but sure spiritual death. You cannot hide the penalty which God has affixed to them—a penalty often worse than death. It is the loss of self-respect, it is physical debility, it is insanity, indifference to all powers that are good and noble—all these follow in the wake of the sinner in secret, and of the unchaste. Unchastity, furthermore, not only fixes its penalty on the one who transgresses, but reaches out unerring punishment, to the third and fourth generation, making not only the transgressor a wreck, but mayhap involving scores of people in his direct line of relationship, disrupting family ties, breaking the hearts of parents, and causing a black stream of sorrow to overwhelm their lives.

Such a seeming simple thing, then, as proper conduct in a house of worship leads to good results in many respects. Good conduct leads to self-respect, which creates purity of thought and action. Pure thought and noble action lead to a desire to serve God in the strength of manhood, and to become subservient to the schoolmasters, Church restraint, and the doctrines of the gospel of Christ.

JOSEPH F. SMITH.

A CORRECTION.

On page 225, of the last number of the IMPROVEMENT ERA, we printed the beautiful poem of Mrs. Ruth May Fox, "A Winter's Frolic." It was somewhat marred by typographical errors in the last line of the first stanza, and in the fourth line of the second stanza, the first error being the word *violets* used for

rivulets, and the second word *shining* for *shimmering*. The lines should read as follows:

To dance with the rivulets down to the sea

* * * *

And weave, as we go, a shimmering veil.

MESSAGES FROM THE MISSIONS.

Elder P. S. Williams, writing the ERA from Calzada, Mexico, says: On the last and first of the old and new year, six elders of the Mexican mission, and thirty-five native Saints and investigators met at Toluca, in the Toluca conference, lately organized, and for holiday pleasures held a two days' branch conference. Through the commendable efforts of President James Maybin and associate elders of this conference, a nice room, adjoining the elders' head-quarters, has been secured, decorated and furnished with seats and electric lights for religious purposes. A Mexican friend, Mr. Sara, paid for fitting in the lights. Five well-attended meetings were held, and at the closing session, new year's evening, a program of songs, recitations, quartette, and music on mouth-organs mandolin, and phonograph, delighted all present. The next day the elders retired to a high mountain from which the great Toluca Valley had been dedicated by an apostle of the Latter-day Saints, and held prayer meeting. We sang "Praise to the Man," "We Thank Thee, O God, for a Prophet," and other appropriate hymns, invoking the Master to bless and prosper his cause among the descendants of Joseph.

Elder R. Ray Nixon writes to the *News* that in the South Carolina conference many healings are reported. "The elders have had the pleasure of baptizing 70 souls into the fold of Christ, and have blessed 76 children, organized nine Sunday schools, which makes 12 schools now in this state. Two church buildings have been erected here, and means have been secured and arrangements made to build another one, which will make six buildings that the Church owns."

An elder writes from the German mission, to the ERA, as follows: "I have read the December number of the ERA, with great interest. 'One Hundred Years,' and 'Joseph Smith as Philosopher,' I think are simply immense. There is enough in that magazine to repay one for a whole year's subscription. We elders are very enthusiastic over it. The number certainly helps us to realize the enormity of our mission, to the world, and why so few will understand it. We have a fine choir in our branch, and the work is prospering."

The *Elders' Journal* reports the following summary of work done in the Ohio conference, during the past seven months: Tracts distributed, 21,040; families visited, 8,716; families revisited, 6,754; books sold, 1,556; books otherwise distributed, 678; meetings held, 716; baptisms, 37. The conference address is Box 126 Columbus, Ohio.

EVENTS AND COMMENTS.

BY EDWARD H. ANDERSON.

Distinguishing Events of the Year 1905.—The year 1905, in the United States, was exceptionally prosperous. Many events occurred, also, to call attention to the political significance of our country: among these the foremost was President Roosevelt's movement for the Russian-Japanese peace conference, followed by the peace agreement at Portsmouth at the end of August. The November elections indicated a popular protest against boss rule, the country over. The Philadelphia peoples' action against the gas ring began a wide-spread revolt against municipal misrule in many cities. The insurance mismanagement and investigation in New York, has begun many reforms, and will doubtless lead to good results in matters of life insurance. In the Philippines, there were several severe revolts, and fighting in several provinces. The visit of Secretary Taft, Miss Alice Roosevelt and several Congressmen to the islands and the East, in August, led to better feelings; the Secretary explained that it is our policy to retain the islands until the people shall develop capacity to govern themselves, which will require at least one generation. American settlers in the Isle of Pines set up a claim that the island belongs to this country and not to Cuba, a claim disapproved at Washington. The greatest foreign event of the year was the conclusion of the struggle between Russia and Japan. Russia, in consequence, suffered a crushing defeat, followed by unparalleled internal strife in which race feelings, religious hatreds, industrial interests and political aspirations were leading factors. The results are far-reaching, and no end is yet in sight. Norway separated from Sweden, and chose a new King, the revolution occurring without physical conflict. Japan's victory aroused China to a sense of its importance as an eastern power, and this will doubtless result in the early adoption of modern civilization among the Chinese. A strong anti-American boycott was inaugurated, owing to our country's restrictions upon Chinese students and merchants visiting this country. The political event in England was the fall of the Balfour cabinet and the return of the Liberals to power, Dec. 4, under the leadership of Sir Campbell-Bannerman. The resignation of Lord Curzon as Viceroy of India, owing to the encroachment of Lord Kitchener's military power, came second. France had the Morocco incident on its hands, and for a while it threatened the peace of Europe. In Spain there were great financial

and industrial difficulties owing to the serious famine in Andalusia. Turkey was forced by a naval demonstration of the powers to adopt financial reforms in Macedonia. The abolition of the Concordat between France and the Pope was the greatest religious event of the year, and resulted in the separation of Church and State in France which had been one under an agreement which had existed since the time of Napoleon. In our country, the meeting in November of 500 delegates chosen by 30 denominations representing 18 million communicants, to organize a Federal Council, was an important step towards the union of religions. The raising of a \$25,000, memorial to Joseph Smith, the prophet of the nineteenth century, at Sharon, Vermont, on his 100th anniversary, Dec. 23, was a notable and far-reaching event.

Death of President C. D. Fjeldsted.—On Saturday, December 23, President Christian D. Fjeldsted of the first council of Seventies passed away at the L. D. S. Hospital after a protracted illness. He was born February 20, 1829, in Sundbyvester, a suburb of Copenhagen, Denmark. In 1851, shortly after the opening of the Scandinavian mission, he first heard the Gospel, and after a thorough investigation was baptized on his birthday anniversary, February 20, 1852, by Christian Samuel Hansen. After his baptism he began to preach the Gospel to his fellow workmen for which he was discharged by his employer. In July, 1853, he was ordained an Elder by Peter O. Hansen, and in the fall of 1855, was called to labor as a traveling elder in the Copenhagen conference, which duty he performed for about one year, when he was called to preside over the Aalborg conference. He emigrated in 1858, and made his home in Sugar House Ward; later he was ordained a Seventy, and in 1867 was called on a mission to his native land. He presided over the Aalborg conference, and later over the Christiania conference, while on that mission, and returned home in 1870. In 1881 he was again called to take a mission to Scandinavia to preside over the mission, and after his return, in 1884, was ordained one of the First Seven Presidents of Seventies. Since that time he has spent eight years in the mission field in his native land, presiding over the mission from October, 1888, to September, 1890; and again during the past year. He was a lovable man, firm in the faith, cheerful to a degree, spreading jolity and sunshine wherever he went. The Scandinavian Saints loved him like a father, and his memory will live and be cherished in the hearts of thousands.

Died.—December 2, in Wilford, Fremont county, Idaho, Matilda E. Dayton, a pioneer of southern Utah.—Sunday, 3rd, in Sevier county, Charles C. Cowley, born Nov. 17, 1834, and a veteran of the Church.—Monday, 4th, in Escalante, Garfield county, Thomas Heaps, a pioneer of southern Utah, born in England 69 years ago.—Monday, 11th, in Salt Lake City, William White, a Patriarch in the Salt Lake Stake.—Tuesday, 12th, in Mill Creek, William D. Park, a pioneer of 1847, born in Canada, November 25, 1837, immigrated to Nauvoo with his parents, and crossed the plains in 1847, arriving in Salt Lake Valley Oct. 2, of that year.—In Peterson, Morgan county, Wednesday, 13th, Jesse Haven, a pioneer of Utah and a veteran Church worker. He was one of the first missionaries to South Africa, going to that land in 1852. He was born in Holliston, Mass., March 28,

1814.—In Provo, Thursday, 14, Mary John, wife of President David John of the Utah Stake. She was born in Merkin, Glamorganshire, Wales, Dec. 23, 1831, and joined the Church in 1857.—In Ogden, Saturday, 16th, John Pincock, one of the early pioneers of Utah, born in Exton, England, July 27, 1837, and joined the Church in 1840, immigrating the following year.—In Provo, Tuesday, 26th, T. E. Fleming a pioneer of 1849, he was born Aug. 10, 1835.

Sheep Industry in Utah.—The state sheep commissioner reports that there are nearly two million sheep in the state valued at \$5,000,000, and that diseases are being held thoroughly in check.

State Experiment Farm.—It was decided on January 6 that this farm of sixty acres be located at a place midway between Lehi and American Fork. There is an \$8,000 appropriation available for the establishment of an experimental station, in orchard, garden and field crops, to determine the most profitable varieties and the best culture. There will also be studies in drying, canning and preparation of fruits for market. One report of 6,000 copies will be distributed free each year for the benefit of farmers.

Law Makers in Session.—There are in session now, twelve State Legislatures in the United States. In five of these states, *viz*: Iowa, Kentucky, Rhode Island, Mississippi and Virginia, senators are to be chosen. Among the living topics that are to be discussed is life insurance. The New York Legislature is occupying its time to devise laws for the better protection of policy holders in the life insurance companies, and to restrain extravagance and dishonesty in the management of these great corporations, so that it appears there will be more required of them than the resignation of some of its presidents, and the reduction of the salaries of their successors.

Awakening of China.—It appears that the great Chinese Empire is awakening from its lethargy. Commissioners have been appointed by the Empire, to visit many of the civilized nations, and study the political, military, naval, educational and industrial methods in vogue in the world outside of the Celestial Empire. Such commissioners will reach Washington, to study Americanism, some time during the latter part of January. The purpose of this study is to ascertain to what extent new ideas of the outside civilized world can be adopted in China.

Football Reform.—There is a movement on foot among the Eastern colleges and universities, to reform the game of football, and make it more civilized and less dangerous. Sixty-two colleges and universities were represented at a conference in New York, on December 28, and this conference appointed a committee of seven, to revise the rules of the game. Several Eastern Colleges have since then declared positively against the game.

In "American" Hands.—On January 2 of this year, the government of Salt Lake City, passed from the hands of Mayor Richard P. Morris, to Mayor Ezra Thompson. All the general officers were changed, and the following are now the city officials of Salt Lake City; mayor, Ezra Thompson; attorney, Ogden Hiles; recorder, J. B. Moreton; auditor, Rudolph Alf; treasurer, Frank Swenson. The new

city council also met on that day, for the first time, a majority of whom are members of the "American" Party. A. J. Davis was made president. Later in the month, the former fire and police and other officers of the city, were supplanted by "American" appointees. Changes in municipal government in many other cities of Utah were made, but they were changes in the two leading parties, Democratic and Republican.

Utah's Gold and Silver.—For the year 1905, according to the report of the Director of Mints, the production of gold and silver in the United States, shows a gain of \$6,000,000 in gold, and 1,000,000 ounces in silver over the product in 1904. Utah's product was \$4,000,000 in gold; and 12,000,000 fine ounces of silver, at 61 cents, which is a gain of about \$400,000 in all, over 1904.

The Isthmian Canal.—Both houses of Congress were occupied prior to the holidays, mostly with the affairs of the new canal. The charge of extravagance was freely made, and the emergency appropriation was cut from \$16,000,000 to \$10,000,000. The need for economy is demonstrated, when it appears from the report of the Secretary of the Treasury, that there was a deficit of \$23,000,000 in the revenues of the government, for the fiscal year 1905. It is estimated, further, by the Secretary, that there will be a deficit of \$8,000,000 for 1906. He estimates the total receipts for this year at \$738,000,000, while the receipts last year, 1905, were \$697,000,000.

Mission Work.—Elder A. M. Musser, in the *Elders' Journal*, speaks as follows of missionary labors of himself and family, which we think many of the readers of the IMPROVEMENT ERA will enjoy: "My sons and I have put in over thirty-three years of missionary work. We have preached the gospel in Asia, Africa, Europe, and in twenty States of the Union, and on six islands of the Pacific ocean, and we are consummating arrangements to keep the equivalent of at least one of my descendants in the vineyard and another working in the Temple, till the Second Advent of our Savior. Each of my children is putting into a family fund a monthly sum for the consummation of these purposes. What do you think of these aims? Do you approve them? (We do, indeed, most heartily. Ed.) I will add that from October, 1852, to October, 1857,—five years—I circumscribed the earth in the capacity of a Mormon missionary, absolutely without purse or scrip. I took no funds with me, nor did I receive a cent from home during my absence. About three years of my time I spent in Hindoostan. Food, clothing, shelter and transportation were all seasonably furnished me by the Father. I do not refer to these grand providences boastingly, but present them as object lessons, and for the encouragement of the elders. 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow.'"

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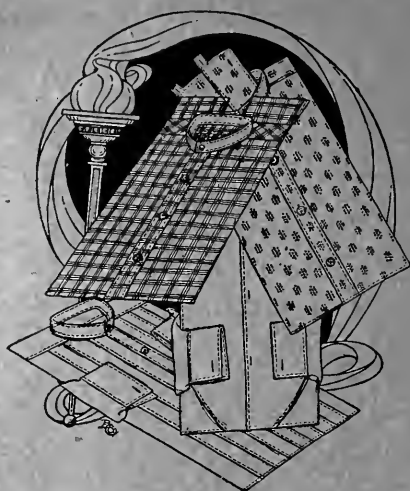
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